

THIS ACCURSED LEAGUE OF NATIONS THE SATURDAY REVIEW

Edited by Lady Houston, D.B.E.

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The Plight of the Navy

“Enough Shells for Half an Hour’s Firing”



Earl Winterton in the House of Commons debate on Defence stated :

“It is a notorious fact that the recent mobilisation of British forces in the Mediterranean and Egypt disclosed a very serious shortage of certain essential equipment, and particularly in the matter of shells.

“When the Navy was mobilised in the Mediterranean and our forces were strengthened, it was found in some branches of the Services that there were not enough shells to enable our guns to be fired for more than half an hour.”

Six months ago at the Naval Review—Lady Houston denounced the “National” Government’s ‘shameful neglect for having completely destroyed our once great and glorious Navy.

Reprinted from "Catholic Herald."

The Franco-Soviet Pact

A SHORT time ago the evening press gave alarming news of an encounter of Soviet aeroplanes with Japanese troops on the Mongolian border; the reports were such as to give the impression that war was imminent.

We have now received *Izvestia* of February 11 and, surprisingly, this paper, as a rule only too eager to exaggerate the attacks of capitalist lions upon the communist lamb, views the present crisis with perfect equanimity.

The frontier incident near Olohodoka, which took place on February 12, is naturally not spoken of, but that of February 8 near Kelemutu is declared to have been a press-canard.

A Press Campaign

A telegram from Ulan Bator (Urga) simply denies that any engagement ever took place on February 8 and *Izvestia* declares that the whole business is but a press campaign undertaken upon the instigation of "certain governments of Europe" in order to raise obstacles against the ratification of the Franco-Soviet pact in the French Chamber.

This refusal of Moscow to be alarmed at this moment, especially in view of its constant baiting of Japan, and the attempt to represent the reports from Tokio as mere bluff are significant.

War Improbable

There is little doubt that Japan is gradually advancing in the most dangerous direction for the U.S.S.R. The offensive through Mongolia points at the Lake Baikal, whereby in one serious push the whole of Eastern Siberia may be cut off.

It is improbable that war will be declared but military operations may be carried out on a wide scale on the plea of "rectification of the border line" and "pacification of tribesmen and bandits."

That after much arrogance on the part of the Soviets they now climb down and refuse to acknowledge any danger is not surprising. They are anxious not to jeopardise their pact with France, and fear that complications in the East might influence the vote of the French Chamber against its ratification.

Also in case of an open conflict with a great military power the much-boomed Soviet army may prove to be a bluff.

RADEK ON THE PACT

The Soviet press is anxiously and uneasily watching the debates in the French Chamber upon the Franco-Soviet Pact.

An unsigned article, advising the French deputies to vote for its ratification, appeared in *Izvestia* of February 15, and three days later Karl Radek published in the same paper a lengthy article dealing with the pact on a much wider scale.

The Hoare-Laval peace proposals, he says, were a mistake of France, as were all her efforts to maintain friendship with Italy. This double policy irritates Great Britain and brings no advantage to France, as, according to the writer, Italy is on the brink of ruin whatever the result of the war in Africa.

Anglo-Franco-Soviet Entente

Radek advocates an Anglo-Franco-Soviet entente of which the pact would be a first step, and agrees with the editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in his opinion that England looks upon the U.S.S.R. not from the point of view of its theories of world revolution but primarily as an opponent of Japanese aggression threatening British interests in the Far East.

The Russian journalist uses every argument to demonstrate the advantages Great Britain and France would reap were they to choose a Soviet orientation.

Germany, he thinks, may attack where resistance is weakest; Soviet Russia is "too strong" for her, and it is France that will be attacked first; therefore, the conclusion of the pact with the Soviets is more important for France than for Russia.

The writer examines the arguments of the French opponents of the pact. They naturally are "shady persons from the French right," who would prefer a French defeat by Hitler to the triumph of socialism.

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HIS MASTER'S VOICE—LITVINOFF SPEAKS

(With apologies to H.M.V. Gramophone Co.)

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

A vulgar but witty person has sent me this. Who is Mr. Eden? The gentleman who never opens his mouth without putting his foot in it—*shod with Russian leather.*

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The Two Winds

News from Germany has robbed other events of the past week of much of their practical interest. Yet there remains some curious interest in the British Government's blowing hot and blowing cold. On Tuesday it published its new White Paper on defence. On the same day Mr. Eden spoke at Geneva. Mr. Eden had already announced, to the dismay of M. Flandin, that Britain wanted an oil sanction against Italy. He implied a continuing British belief in the present "collective system" of Geneva, the while that belief was belied by the White Paper itself. Seldom has British policy so lamentably floundered.

The French Complaint

A few days before Mr. Eden went to Geneva the French Government had been informed, through the diplomatic channel, that the British Government's attitude to the oil sanction was non-committal. The first thing Mr. Eden did at Geneva was to propose an oil sanction. It was M. Flandin who thereupon insisted that the first thing should be to explore an avenue to peace. It was France who interpreted Geneva as an essentially pacific instrument. Nor was that all. France was alarmed by the effect already produced by sanctions, in particular by the possible repudiation by Italy of the Franco-Italian military agreement reached at the beginning of last year. On Wednesday, therefore, the French Government put a pointed question to the British Government.

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The French Question

The question was this. Would Britain regard France, if France were invaded, as an equal object

of solicitude as she regarded Abyssinia? An Italian repudiation of the 1935 agreement would automatically involve the diversion of French troops from the German to the Italian frontier; a catastrophe incurred to France by her reluctant support of anti-Italian sanctionist policy demanded by Britain. To the French question there has been no British answer. Seldom since 1919 has French concern over British inconsistency blazed so furiously as it blazed last week.

The Observer.

An Egg Crisis

The increase of 25 per cent. in the egg imports for January, as compared with the average for that month in the past five years, has come as a shock to the thousands of poultry-farmers up and down the country.

The situation is critical because the season of the hen's large output is approaching, when foreign dumping with its ruinous effect on prices is expected to become yet more serious.



It adds to the indignation of our poultry-farmers that just at this moment, to compensate Yugoslavia for her loss through the sanctions imposed upon Italy, she is being allowed to export to this country 25,000,000 eggs free of all duty and 20,000 cwt. of chickens at a duty of only 1d. per lb., instead of the normal toll of 3d.

The National Poultry Farmers' Council has very reasonably protested against this sacrifice of British welfare for a League of Nations manoeuvre; and it would be entirely justified in pressing for compensation.

Daily Mail.

French Comment on the Soviet Pact

The Pact constitutes the most abominable dupery of present times; behind the negotiator of the U.S.S.R. hides the Communist agitator, with one objective, the destruction of our political and social structure.

Le Jour.

Parrot Talk

In all its activities the League of Nations has become an institution for creating strife and prolonging war instead of promoting peace. The Abyssinians have been heavily defeated in three great battles in the last three weeks. They give

every sign of having had enough of a hopeless struggle with an adversary so incomparably superior.

Left to themselves they would probably have been only too glad long ago to open peace negotiations with Italy. But the situation is transformed when the League interferes with the parrot cry that "the aggressor must not be rewarded."



The plain English of this cry is that Italy must be punished. She must not be allowed to retain the conquests she has made. And therefore the war must continue indefinitely with all its grave perils until Abyssinia is completely crushed—for no other result is possible.

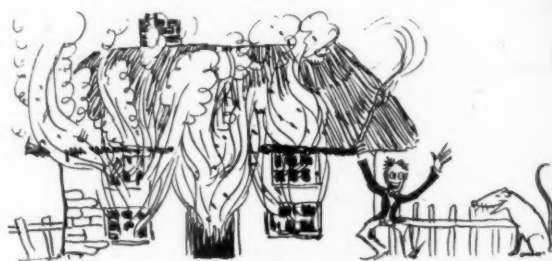
It is an ironic fact that this outcry against "rewarding the aggressor" is raised by our old ladies and old gentlemen who are living in comfort in an Empire which is unashamedly declared to be the greatest example of profitable aggression that the world has ever seen.

Without that Empire and without our wars of aggression in the immediate or remote past, Great Britain could not to-day support 45,000,000 people on the highest standard of living that the world knows.

Daily Mail.

Playing With Fire

We continually play with fire at Geneva. Yet we are still neglecting essential precautions. The more closely our Government's defence proposals are studied, the clearer their inadequacy appears. They read like a grim joke in view of Mr. Baldwin's past promises.



At the Albert Hall on May 11, 1934, for example, he declared that, if other Powers could not be persuaded to disarm, the Government would "be satisfied with no less a position in the air than a position of equality with the greatest Power within fighting distance of our shores."

He repeated this in the House of Commons on November 28 of the same year, with an assurance that the Cabinet was determined "under no con-

ditions to accept any position of inferiority" to Germany in the air.

Under the Government's new scheme Great Britain is marching backwards. As compared with the great Air Powers of the Continent, she will be in a position of greater inferiority next December than was hers in December of last year. She will be yet further behind them at the end of December 1937.

In a word, far from recovering lost ground, her condition will be one of ever progressive inferiority as time goes on.

Daily Mail.

Comintern would continue whether the Treaty were signed or not. In France, therefore, as in this country, there is the same pusillanimity in meeting this hideous danger, begotten of all the powers of evil, to civilisation. What is it that makes the greater part of the world not only impotent to meet this peril, but actually ready to enter into an alliance with the most treacherous foe the world has ever seen? It is not that the French Deputies are unaware of the undermining that is going on. Our Ministers, too, know full well that the campaign for revolution is proceeding with ever-increasing vigour in these islands. Only last

THE COLDEST THING KNOWN—By Poy



The "Very Low Temperatures" Exhibition opened yesterday at the Science Museum, South Kensington. (Reprinted from the "Daily Mail")

The Bolshevik Octopus

As had been expected the Franco-Soviet treaty of mutual assistance was approved by the Chamber of Deputies in Paris on the 27th February, and there is little reason to doubt that the Senate will endorse this decision in due course. The voting in the Chamber was 353 votes for and 164 against, with M. Henriot the most notable opponent, who made it clear how incessant were Communist activities in France, subsidised, of course, from Moscow. On behalf of the pact it was argued, however, that the revolutionary work of the

week (26 February) Mr. Eden stated in the House of Commons, in reply to a question that it had been made clear to Moscow that the National Government could not accept the contention that the Soviet Government was unable to admit responsibility for the activities of the Comintern. There, it is presumed by Mr. Eden, the British people are content to leave the matter; a protest has been uttered, and Ministers therefore can sit down and watch complacently the sapping work of Moscow's Red agents. It is too utterly contemptible, but it is also dangerous to a degree.

The Patriot.

They Want Our Young Men

But for Whom?

THE Government in its White Paper on Defence—that lamentable document of unimaginative ineptitude—tried hard to rally the young men of the nation to the Colours.

All recent happenings, Mussolini's stern, unbending resistance to Edenesque Sanctions and Hitler's resolute stand against Russia, have helped to make the Government conscious that the great lack of Britain is not money, and may not always be armaments, but is STATESMEN.

TOOLS OF RUSSIA

Why should men rally to the Colours under our present regime of woolly-minded Parliamentarians whose policies are to inevitably drag Britain to the chariot wheels of Russia?

Why should the youth of Britain prepare to immolate itself on the black altar of Geneva?

There is no man so cowardly that, when the moment comes, he will not defend his hearth and home against an aggressor.

Thoughtless undergraduates, to shock their staid elders, may chatter about not fighting for their King and Country. That is so much boyish "blah."

Those very undergraduates would give their lives as readily as their elders did in the past if Britain and all that Britain means were threatened by some invading Goth or Hun.

NO USELESS SACRIFICE

They will not sacrifice themselves for the interests of a Genevian clique of Bolshevik intriguers.

The League of Nations has two faults. One is that, when it is really wanted for the work for which it was devised, it will not work at all. The other is that, when it does work, it

By

"HISTORICUS"

functions so erratically that it is a danger to world peace.

It has most pitifully demonstrated that it cannot prevent wars.

It has shown to the discerning eye that it can be used by any wily diplomat, like Litvinoff, to drive wedges between friendships upon which the peace of the world rested, as it has driven a wedge between Britain and Italy.

Adherence to the League—or what is left of the League—means that at any time Britain may be called upon to fight for *any* nation in *any* cause excepting their own.

PETTY INTERESTS

Our egregious Mr. Eden has done his best to cause us to fight for the barbaric, slave-owning, atrocity-loving Abyssinians and their tyrannical adventurer of an Emperor. We may find to-morrow that a similar mistaken policy will bring us into a world war to protect the petty interests of some backward and pernicious race in middle Asia or Latin America.

While this possibility is so blatantly apparent it is no wonder that young Britons refuse to enlist.

To ask them to give all in such sorry causes, in such repellant adventures, is to insult their intelligences.

The Government is anxious about recruiting.

Men to Fight—

and for Whom?

"Give us a statesman who understands that the emblem of Great Britain is a Lion . . ."



The "National" Government have extracted the teeth and drawn the claws of this king of beasts

Recruiting will look after itself if our Parliamentarians will do as the Dictators of Germany and Italy do—put Country first and make the national interest the sole touchstone of policy.

It is only while we are led at the tail of Bolshevik Russia and menaced with unseemly alliances with uncivilised tribes that our young men hold back.

Who shall blame them!

Britain and the Empire, the finest flower of racial culture that the world has ever known, the Paladins of Justice and the stern keepers of equity, are objects of devotion for which men may gladly risk their lives.

PANDORA'S BOX

But the dubious collection of scheming politicians (drawn from the rag-bags of humanity) which we call Geneva, with its prejudiced judgments, its vehement hatreds, is not an ideal for which any man will fight. It is a

political abortion against which any reasonable man's gorge rises in nausea.

Let the Government realise this, and their recruitment difficulties will end.

Men will rally to the defence of a beloved homeland and their own racial traditions. They will not rally to the defence of M. Litvinoff's intrigues.

Give us a statesman who understands that the emblem of Great Britain is a Lion but the "National" Government have extracted the teeth and drawn the claws of this king of beasts until it is no more kingly than a jackal to do the dirty work of the League of Nations.

MEN AND MANNEQUINS

Recruits will not come, nor will they be dragged, to imperil their own land in order to support a leprous League which is dominated by a mannequin showing off the latest fashion in men's attire.

BRITISH YOUTH FOR THE LEAGUE

ITALY is to-day at war, and perhaps to-morrow we shall say the world is at war. Young men engaged to-day in the works of peace, may to-morrow be called to the work of war.

I have my own views on foreign and domestic politics, I watch events closely; should war come, I could be called upon to put on asbestos clothing and a gas mask and pump fire and gas upon my fellow men, letting loose certain death—and yet I am not yet considered old enough to vote. I am old enough to be a pawn in this game of war, to become a perpetual cripple, to die a living death—but I am allowed no part in the choice of the Government at whose command I am to endure all this. And endure it it seems I must, should the Government continue in its present foreign policy.

Apparently, in this mad world, it is of no avail to appeal to our elders, who are always supposed to know best. Either they are powerless to avert this catastrophe or, through some curious mental perversion, they are in agreement with the League whose action is dragging us to war, the League of International busybodies. Of some we know this to be true, but since one cannot imagine that the majority are such criminal lunatics as to adopt this latter course, we must presume that in the face of danger to themselves and to all they love, they are merely apathetic.

OUR IDEAL—THE EMPIRE

Are the men and women of England prepared to be stampeded into a slaughter more horrible by far than the imaginations of Dante or of Milton could have conceived? If they are willing to go through this ordeal, we are not, and it is for Youth to arise against this foul and loathsome thing. Were an enemy to attempt to set foot on British soil, we should have no choice but to fight, we would rise as one man and drive him out. But if our own Government provokes England's truest friend against us, they may expect no help from us. These men may wish to gain notoriety, but we know that a quiet, wholesome life, and the preservation of our bodies whole, would be a far greater service to our ideal—the British Empire.

Signor Mussolini is the leader of a nation whose patriotism and pride is very high. Italy has been flouted by a minor state, and Italy is determined that that state shall be taught to respect her. England's rulers allow her subjects to be murdered and sold into slavery in Asia and Africa, but Italy will not do the same. It seems a very long time since Lord Palmerston blockaded Athens because of the burning by the Greek mob of the house of Don Pacifico, a British subject and a Jew. Between the years 1916 and 1927, no fewer than 136 raids were made by Abyssinian slave traders into British territory, an average of one raid every

month. Natives enjoying the "protection" of the Union Jack were killed and captured, their cattle stolen, and their children mutilated. An emasculated boy raises the highest price amongst the slave dealers.

An analysis of the British Government's reports shows that 306 native civilian casualties took place, and that 109 women and children were taken into captivity. Some of the raiders were pursued and forced to release their prisoners, but the tax-payer has to pay the expenses incurred by the continual police action necessary.

The most amazing admission of Britain's weakness is contained in a letter from Mr. Huddleston, Acting Governor-General of the Sudan, to Sir P. Lorraine, High Commissioner. Dated "Khartoum, June 30, 1932," it is a report on the meeting between delegates of the Sudan Government and of Ethiopia, to settle the question of the slave raids. Firstly, when the question of punishing the raiders was brought up, it was shelved by the Ethiopian delegates, who declared that a punitive expedition by Ethiopian troops against Ethiopian subjects, "could only be authorised by the Emperor himself," and so prevented the inclusion of the clause in the agreement. Further, "it has been customary in the past to assess damage caused by the loss of life or property in the terms of Maria Theresa dollars, 1,000 dollars for a human life, and a variable figure for stock. But on this occasion the Ethiopian delegates clearly had no intention of signing any document which provided for cash payment. . . .

BRITISH LION SUBMITS

"As it was evident to the Sudan representatives that further pressure on the Ethiopian delegation could only place the result of the negotiations in jeopardy, it was agreed that the questions referred to in the two immediately preceding paragraphs should be recorded in a separate document and forwarded for the consideration, and, it is hoped, the approval of the Emperor at Addis Ababa." In other words, the British Lion submitted to the conquering Lion of Judah.

Similar incidents continued to occur along the Italo-Ethiopian border, and at long weary last the Duce decided to take the law into his own hands and to punish the raiders.

Interfering busybodies have threatened to transform what may have been a colonial punitive expedition, or, at worst, a colonial conquest, into a world wide conflagration. They say that the Emperor of Ethiopia has no control over his frontier subjects, and so cannot be held responsible. But were Italy the ruler of Ethiopia, and the raids continued, which is most unlikely, we should soon make representations to Rome, and the matter would be cleared up immediately. The

REFUSE TO FIGHT OF NATIONS

By

FREDERICK EDWARDES

Italians of Sicily do not make raids on Malta, and the Northern Italians do not conduct incursions into France, Switzerland and Austria; if they did, war would soon be in the air. As it is, the war menace has not come until after a patient wait of a score of years, during which treaty after treaty has been signed and broken by the aggressors.

Italian natives from the colonies do not make raids into British Somaliland, because the Italian Government is responsible for their behaviour towards us, and keeps them in peace. If Ethiopia were an Italian province, the same conditions would prevail, and surely the Italians would be far better neighbours for the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan than the present Abyssinian régime.

But to-day, there exists a situation dangerous beyond belief. People in these islands calling themselves "pacifists" are causing a world division between those nations which have colonies and those which have not. When Laval had been to Rome, Mussolini relied upon his support, or at least his neutrality, in any trouble which might arise between Italy and Ethiopia. Laval has betrayed that trust, and to-day Italy is becoming desperate.

ITALY MUST STAND FIRM

If Italy submits to the League, she is finished, and the last word of her brief renaissance will have been written. Can she submit with these consequences, if she considers that armed resistance to the rest of the world will give her a chance of winning through, though the chance may be slight, and the cost great?

Her practical withdrawal of troops from the Brenner Pass seems to indicate that she is leaving Austria to Germany. If that is the case, it is a logical conclusion that she will get something from Germany in return. Germany has perhaps the most efficient fighting machine in the world, and she requires colonies. The united forces of Italy and Austro-Germany would be a formidable factor in European affairs. These two alone could give a very good account of themselves, but they are not all that is to be reckoned with; Hungary is the ally of Italy, and Poland the ally of Germany!

It may be considered that the armies of France and Soviet Russia would be sufficient to crush the Italian Allies, but it must be remembered that France and Russia would both have their work

cut out defending their Eastern Frontiers, for Japan would most certainly take advantage of the general unrest to encroach upon the territory of her old enemy, Russia.

The United States of America might be able to preserve their neutrality, but it is most unlikely that England would be able to do so. Italy considers that, by her actions of the last few months, England has betrayed the years of friendship which have existed between the two nations.

Thus, at a time when the internal affairs of the Empire need the continual vigilance of her statesmen, some of our people and our Government have managed to turn a harmless, farcical League of Nations, incapable of dealing with the Gran Chaco War, the Sino-Japanese War and the disputes between Lithuania and the Memel Germans, into a virulent Plague of the Nations, threatening to plunge the world into a boiling cauldron of blood, in which our chances of survival are negligible. We might pull through in the end, but at what a terrible cost!

PLAGUE OF EUROPE

A small sore in Northern Africa, when infected with this Plague, may become the means of entry for a disease which may destroy our civilisation completely. We, the Youth of Europe, would be called upon to face this Frankenstein which they have created, and we, the Youth of Europe, would be the first to fall!

Are we to sit and hope that the storm will pass us by, or shall we raise our voices in protest while there is yet time? Let us crush this "League," and leave Europe a better and cleaner place to live in. If England were to leave the League, it would fall to pieces. We are the corner stone, and we have the power to save ourselves. Is history, if anyone is left to write it, to record that England had the power to save herself, but would not? It is our task to awaken the nation to realisation of its danger.

Whether Italy is right or wrong, and according to the facts before me, I believe she is more right than wrong, is no concern of ours as a nation with problems enough of our own. So long as she makes no attempt to interfere with our rights and liberties, we have no right whatsoever to interfere with her. Has Mr. Eden the right to plunge us into this dangerous game while we are disarmed to the extent that we are.

Youth of England, as one of you, I ask you to make your country a respected factor in world politics once again. Unite the Empire, and keep it unshaken by foreign broils. Let us be insulated from these outside shocks. Make of England something more than the whipping boy of this "League of Nations."

What a Man!

By Kim

HERR HITLER'S "symbolical" re-militarisation of the Rhineland has thrown all the Chancelleries of Europe into a fever of anxiety and nervousness. Yet what has he actually done?

He has re-possessed German territories in conformity with the "equality of status" promised in 1932 by the Powers but not performed. To that extent he has taken the law into his own hands, which is very shocking no doubt, although German re-occupation was ultimately inevitable as Marshal Foch foresaid in 1919.

The Versailles Treaty was harsh and irrational and could only be maintained indefinitely if all the War Allies had maintained overwhelming armaments to hold Germany in thrall. As that was neglected it is too late in the day to set up a clamour because Herr Hitler has broken his chains. Moreover, in so doing he offers a conciliatory Pact for twenty-five years of extreme importance.

Hitler has brought us back with a big bump to realities. It is almost like a past epoch to recall the fact that a week ago we had Mr. Anthony Eden at Geneva once again advocating oil sanctions against Italy and he was asked by M. Flandin what would be the attitude of the British Government if Hitler sought to re-militarise the Rhineland. Mr Eden had not thought of that whilst he was deliberately antagonising Signor Mussolini, one of the signatories to the Locarno Treaty. He went off to advise Mr. Baldwin and when these two remarkable "statesmen" were conferring, lo and behold! it became a *fait accompli*!

EDEN THE TROUBLE-MAKER

How trivial and how foolish this quarrel with Italy becomes is seen in the light of stern realities. The new danger is far nearer home and more menacing unless more cautious intelligence is shown than it was in Mussolini-baiting. Not that it seemed to have penetrated to the extremely foolish mind of Mr. Eden when he calmly told an anxious House of Commons on Monday that in a certain contingency this country would "regard themselves as in honour bound to come in the manner provided in the Treaty to the assistance of the country attacked." This contingency, any actual attack on France or Belgium, is not likely to occur, and pray God may not, but the statement was gratuitous in the circumstances and implied a threat against Germany in the same loose manner that this reckless man has used against Italy.

This May Lead to War. Mr. Eden did not soften an acute situation but intensified it. Fortunately other counsels prevailed and in Paris the British attitude proved more conciliatory, but the danger still remains.

With such a strained situation now apparent, what preparations have the Government made for Home defence supposing that Mr. Baldwin is called upon "to come to the assistance of the country attacked"?

Practically all the effective units of the Fleet and the bulk of our aeroplanes and airmen are at present bottled up in Alexandria and adjacent stations. Are they to be hurriedly recalled, leaving Italy to prosecute her conquest of Abyssinia unhampered by us or are we to defy Hitler with his pocket-battleships, his considerable number of submarines only wanting keels, and his unknown but very numerous squadrons of planes whilst our own nakedness is only too apparent? Are we, in other words going to continue much longer hurling defiance at other Great Powers who have been preparing for war, training their youth to fight, making huge sacrifices to ensure victory, when it is notorious that we are disarmed, when we are short of ships, planes, guns and men, when it is common property that our youth has been brought up to Pacifism and encouraged in every way to claim rights without any responsibility in return?

A PATRIOTIC GESTURE

Almost at the same moment that Hitler's troops are goose-marching into the Rhine cities amid the frenzied cheers of the citizens, Lord Rothermere in a patriotic gesture is offering large money prizes to those who can propound a scheme to popularise enlistment owing to the ominous dearth of recruits. Such are the fruits of the policy pursued all these years by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his bosom friend, Mr. Baldwin, only too successfully to breed a race of youths who will not fight.

France is adamant at present and she has the power to call upon the Locarno signatories to mobilise and fight, if she can claim that her safety is at stake, and we are being dragged to the edge of war because Mr. Ramsay MacDonald treacherously foregathered at Locarno and committed us to the dreadful obligations we may now be called upon to perform.

Such dangerous commitments should only have been permitted if the Government then and subsequently had made due preparations to be able to honour such a possible obligation. They did not. Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin after him, cut down every possible means of defence. Our ships, our Army and our Air Force have been deliberately pushed out of date for the most part. Officers and men were turned out of the service.

Now, if "in honour bound" we attempt to go to the assistance of France or Belgium, it will mean that the whole population of the British Isles (the Free State excepted) will be sacrificed for the whim of pacifist and insular-minded politicians.

Are we to die, if need be, because France holds us to a Treaty to prevent in effect, Germany resuming the sovereignty over her own territories? Yes, says Mr. Eden, voicing the opinion of Litvinoff. If the nation are willing to be drawn into such a possible conflict by Mr. Baldwin and his followers, although the Locarno Treaty was signed without any mandate from the electorate, they may well be signing their own death-warrants. *The way out is to repudiate this assumption on the part of the Government.*

The errors and cramped vision of Mr. Baldwin have been so evident and pronounced that if he were repudiated on this now vital question of the observance of the Locarno Treaty he would have to resign together with his acolytes, and the world would realise that Britain does not intend to risk a war to maintain the out-of-date contention of the German Rhineland compelled to remain in a subjective state to placate French nervousness and French hatred.

France has invited the repudiation of the Locarno Treaty though warned beforehand of its probability by her decision to make a pact with Russia. Our French friends, already marked down by the sinister methods of Moscow, are leaning decidedly to the left. Yesterday it was the turn of Spain and to-morrow it may be of France. Russia has thrown more than a few tentacles in our direction also. Are we to be the cats-paw in this business and bolster up a Bolshevist alliance with our insidious enemy in the Kremlin which Hitler alone has held at bay? Clearly enough the Franco-Russian Pact will open up new and insidious propaganda to introduce bloody Revolution and Muscovite intolerance. If France spurns Herr Hitler's guarantee of a twenty-five years Pact, to include Belgium and Holland, with a mutual demilitarised zone, and the offer to rejoin the League of Nations, that is her affair. We should not be made a party to it. Nor should we be drawn in by France to enter into any further guarantee to be made a party to a war between Germany and herself, which are said to be the conditions stipulated by M. Flandin if he overlooks the re-militarisation of the Rhineland by Germany. We have had more than enough of such entanglements.

Herr Hitler has held out the olive branch to the world and it will be criminal if his offer is not examined in a sensible way by France and ourselves. If France obtains far greater security than a de-militarised zone affords her and peace is assured for twenty-five years, once and for all the restlessness and uncertainty of the last few years, now developing into a semi-panic, will be swept away. "No happier event could happen than a pact between Germany, France, Italy, England and Japan," wrote Lady Houston with prescience last week. "This would ensure the Peace of the world." It would. It is now possible if France is sensible and takes the hand now offered to her. *She has everything to gain and nothing to lose.*

Herr Hitler has rendered a service to war-racked Europe and to the rest of the world. To the German nation he stands forth as their deliverer from oppression and despair, tottering a few years ago into a state of Bolshevism. He has brought



Rhineland is celebrating the return of the German troops. A general view at the Hindenburg memorial, formerly the old Fort of Cologne.

them through the fire, beaten them on the anvil of a pure nationalism, enthused them with his vigour and spirit until they stand to-day, proud in their sacrifices, rejoicing in their new formed strength, a nation in arms, ready to serve whatever their Fatherland requires. It is this solidarity of purpose and quiet determination which scares the democratic-led states of the West, who have lived far too long in a world of make-believe and political gibberings in place of realities.

Mr. Baldwin has a heavy responsibility on his shoulders. He has assisted the cause of pacifism and a repudiation of the duties of the citizen to the state. He has made the nation soft and ready to shirk its duties. He has leaned far more heavily towards Bolshevism than towards a robust nationalism, despite the label of his Government. Whatever happens he renders it impossible for the British Nation to engage in warfare as the debate on rearmament has shown. Well, his chickens are coming home to roost.

Hitler—The Man of Destiny

By Meriel Buchanan

IT is the penalty of every great man that during his lifetime he is criticised, misjudged and hated, as well as being admired. Never has this been more the case than with Adolf Hitler, and never, perhaps, has such a diversity of opinion been expressed over one man as over this son of an Austrian Customs Official, who only ten years ago was practically unknown, not only in Europe, but even in his own country.

What Adolf Hitler has really done, and the amazing career of this lowly born man, who fought in the war as a corporal, received the Iron Cross, and after the war worked as a house painter, will stand out as a lode star, a burning flame above the turmoil and chaotic darkness of the present day.

Adolf Hitler, uncouth and rugged, with an unruly lock of hair, has that electric voice, that fiery eloquence which sways and carries away his audience, imbuing them with an almost supernatural enthusiasm and devotion! The world laughed at him at first, even as it had at first derided and scoffed at Mussolini. His unsuccessful Beer Garden Putsch of 1923, his failure to obtain more than twelve votes in the Reichstag in 1928, his defeat by Hindenburg in 1932, all these drew down on him scorn and opprobrium, made his enemies regard him as an over-rated and bombastic boaster, whose only greatness lay in his amazing gift of oratory. And yet, undaunted by failure and defeat, unshakable in his ideals, Adolf Hitler fought on, gaining always more and more supporters, till at last, in 1933, he was made Chancellor of the Reich! Many have called him cruel, ruthless, barbarous in his methods, but he has paid no heed, and now, having made Germany once more the dominating factor in Europe, he holds the destinies of the Great Powers in his hands!

THE POWER TO DICTATE

It is useless for us to blind ourselves into a false security, or a deluded attitude of superior greatness. For the sake of the future welfare of our Empire and of civilisation, let us recognise that the German Führer has the power to dictate peace or war to the world, let us acknowledge that in this man, whom we may hate or deride or admire, lies the only hope of world security and peace; let us remember that by his courage and determination he saved Europe from the spread of Bolshevik insurrection, that he and his armies stand like a bulwark between us and Soviet Russia.

"In 1932," Hitler said in his world-stirring speech, "Germany was on the verge of Bolshevism. The man who wanted to save Germany from Bolshevism had to solve the problem of German sovereignty not in order to help other nations, but



Adolf Hitler—Creator of modern Germany.

in order to save them from Bolshevism. . . . I did not reject co-operation with Russia, as some of my opponents say, but I rejected Bolshevism claiming to rule the world."

SAVED FROM RED PERIL

If Hitler had not saved Germany, even as a few years earlier Mussolini saved Italy, from the poisonous fungus of Bolshevik propaganda, the Red Armies of Stalin would now be sweeping across Central Europe, and England would be on the verge of ruin and chaos.

The Great Powers have been expecting Hitler's present action for the last two years, but the Franco-Soviet Pact, so whole-heartedly supported and encouraged by our Government, has forced his hand and brought matters to a head, a fact he has made abundantly clear in his speech.

"The Franco-Soviet Pact is in contrast to Locarno," he said. "While France defends its frontiers with cannon and steel we were burdened with complete defencelessness in the West, and bore even this. The Franco-Russian Pact is much more serious than other pacts which France has concluded, for instance that with Poland. It is possible that Soviet ideology might spread to France. In that case the decision of who was the aggressor would lie not in Paris but in Moscow."

Hitler has offered peace to the world. Are we going to accept that offer? Or are we going to drift once more in the path of Sanctions, a path which must inevitably lead to war? The first reaction, when Italy heard the news of Hitler's dramatic move on the Rhine, was the question on all lips: "Will Mr. Eden move for Sanctions against Germany?" Surely we are not going to allow this political "male-fashion-plate" to endanger not only our own destinies but the destinies of the whole world with his tactless indiscretions? It is common knowledge that when he was in Rome last year our present Foreign

Minister boasted loudly that he was going to treat Signor Mussolini in the same way in which Napoleon was treated, and put him on an island. Is he now perhaps contemplating the same fate for Hitler?

Let us pray that the Government may be inspired to show a greater wisdom than they have done in the past, pray that they may accept the German Führer's offer and bring peace and security to a world where, as he said, "the God of War has not laid down his armour, but marches . . . more heavily armed than ever."

The Angel of North End

Miss Margaret Hoare, M.B.E.

BY the sudden death on March 3rd at her home in Hampstead of Miss Margaret Hoare countless thousands have suffered an irreparable loss. Her life from quite early days had been a devoted self-sacrificing service to all, especially to those who had not her advantages.

She never spared herself and though approaching her 80th birthday, she steadfastly refused to curtail her activities.

On one occasion during recent months when begged to at least rest during part of the afternoon, she finally disposed of all argument with the remark "What a waste of time. No, I will not waste one moment of God's time."

On the morning of her sudden illness, she had arisen at 5.30 a.m., and after writing twelve letters, had prepared a scripture lesson in connection with her Mission work.

A PRECIOUS DUTY

This work in the Mission Church at North End was one of Miss Hoare's most precious duties. She was the Mission. Conducting services, taking classes and playing the organ.

Every year she looked forward to a "Party" at which she entertained those she called her "Sunday school boys." The house always bore evidence of games usually associated with children's parties, but the company consisted of men of 65 to 70 years of age or over. These, by her personality, Miss Hoare had kept together since the time many years before when they had in fact been a class of small boys.

Once a week for over 50 years, Miss Hoare went to the East End of London, where she visited the houses of the poor, bringing the joy of her presence and her unflinching good counsel to thousands.

These poor people were in the habit of entrusting to her care such pennies as they could save. These were carefully kept, and returned to them at Christmas time. The trust thus shown is

a typical example of the confidence which Miss Hoare inspired in all who came in contact with her. Always stimulating, ready to share in the joys and successes of her friends, it was in times of sorrow and disappointment that her beautiful nature became most evident. Never at a loss for the words appropriate to the occasion, many a sorrow has been soothed and many a weary heart and body helped by a kind thought so kindly expressed.

To do justice to Miss Hoare's many activities, would fill a volume. Her ever present help to Queen Mary's Maternity Home, the Hampstead District Nursing Association, Hampstead General Hospital, Manor House Hospital and many others, cannot be better described than in the words of her dear friend, Lady Houston, D.B.E., who so generously gave every year to what she termed "Miss Hoare's Charities."

The writer is able to testify to the supreme joy which not only the cheque, but the kind thought which prompted it, gave to Miss Hoare.

No record of the life of this wonderful lady would be complete without reference to her work in connection with the St. John's Ambulance Brigade. Miss Hoare took her First Aid Certificate in 1882, and ten years later, when the Home Nursing Certificate was instituted, she gained this also. She founded the Men's Ambulance Division in Hampstead, and later the Nurses' Division.

For over 50 years Miss Hoare carried on glorious work for the Brigade, rising to the rank of Lady District Officer in 1924.

For her splendid work during the War she was made M.B.E. In 1934 she was promoted to Commander of the Order of St. John, and only a week before her death, to her intense delight, received notification of further promotion to Dame of Grace of the same Order.

Miss Hoare's place can never be filled. Inspired by her memory, others will carry on.

May they be worthy of the service which they have inherited.

Un Fait Accompli

By Robert Machray

THE thing is done! Europe is in presence of the accomplished fact. At Herr Hitler's command German troops reoccupied the Rhineland up to the French frontier in the centre and the south and the Belgian and Dutch frontiers in the north on Saturday last. The famous "Demilitarised Zone" of the Versailles and Locarno Treaties has ceased to exist. Since his accession to power Hitler has shown himself a skilful, bold and resolute player of the high political game, and he has already won some very big stakes. Nor is it at all likely that this last throw of his will not succeed.

Though the actual reoccupation of the Zone came suddenly and surprised most people, its possibility, indeed its probability, had been much discussed of late in diplomatic quarters, the general view, however, being that despite French opposition it would be "arranged" and come about as a concession to Germany in return for something more or less equivalent on her part, such as, say, a definite limitation of her rearmament. That is a course Hitler will not countenance, and it may truly be said that what has just taken place is a logical outcome of the great rearmament of Germany which enabled him to repudiate a year ago the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty. He feels he is strong enough to do or take what he wants. So, the Zone is reoccupied; the logic is the logic of force.

OLD ALLIANCES ENDED

No doubt, too, the moment was well chosen for the operation. Europe has never been more distracted and divided than to-day. Old alliances have disintegrated. France, the State most affected by the reoccupation, is passing through a severe internal crisis, with her Government in the hands of parties of the Left tending to pacifism and far too friendly to Red Russia. Italy is at war with Abyssinia. England has just told the world in a White Paper how extremely ill-prepared she is even for self-defence. And the Soviet, so rightly stigmatised by Hitler—what are its aims? But, of course, there is the Geneva Institution—what about it?

Hitler took the measure of the League of Nations long ago, and if he now says he is willing to return to it, he makes it clear he will do so only on his own terms. It is perfectly certain that the League will not dare to impose Sanctions in his case. Nor will any State make war on him, as things are; in fact, Hitler has little or nothing to fear, as he knows quite well. In the course of his speech in the Reichstag he made some kindly references to England and the British people.

In this connection it will not do to forget that it was our Government that incited the League to apply Sanctions to Italy, and is still desirous apparently of adding to them and of making them

more onerous. And remembering Hitler's reaction to the White Paper published a year ago, it does seem more than a little curious that the sequel to the White Paper published last week is the reoccupation of the Zone and the strong, passionate speech of the German Leader, which announced it and went some way, it must be admitted, to justify it. Or, is it just a coincidence?

Hitler's reply to the White Paper of March, 1935, was the raising of the strength of the German Army to upwards of half a million men and the restoration of conscription in Germany in violation of the Versailles Treaty. When he was taken to task by the League, and solemnly condemned at Geneva by practically all its members, he treated its verdict with the most utter indifference, not to say scorn and contempt, and went his own predetermined way, building up the armaments of his country, and making it ready for anything. How absolutely different a policy from that of our wretched Government in clinging to the League!

WHAT WILL ENGLAND DO?

What is our Government going to do now? France is appealing to the League and calling for Sanctions against Germany. On the other hand, Hitler makes certain proposals, which is the same thing as saying that he is open to negotiations—not, it is true, about the Zone, but with a view to the general pacification of Europe. This, then, is the choice which is before our country: either futile action by and through the impotent League, or a settlement with Germany by means of negotiations. In any case Hitler's offers merit serious examination, not rejection out of hand. And as for Locarno, it has to be said that the situation has changed most materially since the pact was signed.

That there will be no real peace in Europe till a settlement has been reached with Germany is an obvious truth, and Hitler's action and offers have at any rate cleared the way to some extent for beginning negotiations with that object. Needless to say, these negotiations will be difficult and may have some ugly checks and developments. This is not to suggest they should not be undertaken, but it does suggest that our Government should get on as quickly as possible with carrying out the rearmament programme, and with extending it.

The rearmament programme, inadequate as it is both in volume and speed, is being opposed by the Socialists, and it is very much on the cards, it is to be feared, that they may try to find arguments against it in an acceptance, without proper thought, of some or other of Hitler's "Seven Points"—whereas the only way in which a real settlement with Germany may be effected is, so far as our interests are concerned, to be able to speak and act with the authority of a Great Power that can enforce it when necessary.

England Open to Invasion!

By Major G. H. Reade

THE Home Defences of Great Britain are in a deplorable state.

By sea, land and air, our forces have been so reduced by the re-inforcements sent lately to the Mediterranean sea, Egypt and Aden, that any attack of a reasonably strong second-class power on our shores might conceivably result in the capture of the British Isles.

Since the days of the Spanish Armada and those of the fear of Napoleonic invasion, our plight has never been so serious, nor the reactions to our danger so half-hearted and hypocritical.

MAD TACTICS

The mad tactics of bear-baiting Italy with the policy of Sanctions and then acting as the chief

nel, it was obligatory to send out a large number of sailors and marines, who would otherwise be in the Naval Barracks at Portsmouth, Chatham and Devonport.

In this latter connection it is only necessary to point out that at the funeral of the late Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Jellicoe, it was found necessary to line the streets and Embankment through which the funeral procession passed with police; because of the lack of sailors at home stations.

Since 1922 the Navy has lost in strength nearly 30,000 officers and men, which makes the proposal of the Defence Scheme to add only 6,000 sailors to the personnel ridiculous as a means of putting the Navy on its feet.



This "invasion of England" was part of Army manoeuvres. It may become grim actuality unless our Home defences are immediately strengthened.

policeman of the League in the Mediterranean is the direct cause of this present lamentable position.

The Government's first duty at all times, whether in peace or in war, in days of world friendships or at periods of crisis, expected or sudden, is to preserve such a measure of strength at home as would deter any enemy seeking to make an attack on our shores. The Government has failed even in this primary duty.

Where is our Navy? Very largely in the Mediterranean and Red Seas, sent there to impress Italy with our determination to carry on with sanctions. The Navy being relatively much weaker than in former years, it was found necessary to send out all available ships of the Home Fleet to supplement the reduced strength of the Mediterranean Fleet. Being weak also in person-

The plain truth stands. One minor crisis abroad—the Italo-Abyssinian—and our Naval strength is so depleted that the shores of Britain are open to invasion.

ARMY WEAKNESS

For the Army at home would be in "Queer Street" were its services demanded at once to defend hearth and home. We have on paper five Divisions of the Regular Army which are supposed to be five Expeditionary Force Divisions ready to embark at a moment's notice to defend our cause overseas, with a Territorial Army in being to take over Shore Defences and act as a reinforcing group.

Not one of these Divisions is up to full peacetime strength. It is probable that no Division is within 50 per cent. of its war establishment

strength. Over and above this, no unit in any Division is fully equipped with either the new rifle, the new light machine-gun or the anti-tank gun. Only a few of the units have mechanised transport. There is no Light Tank Brigade, and most of the tanks we have are antiquated. Army formations are those of twenty-five years ago, the Generals are sexagenarians. Not one has had any experience of handling large bodies of men.

The 5th Division of the Northern Command is practically non-existent. Its General, most of its staff, and most of its units are in Malta and Egypt, reinforcing our weakness there to carry on with "Sanctioning."

As to the Territorial Army, its strength, mobilisation prospects and equipment are alike lamentable. It needs entire re-arming and re-equipping to be of any use. These needs would take months. No Territorial Army Division could be made ready for the field within four months.

Our Shore Defences have been allowed to remain as they were after the war. They need new long range guns to make them of any practical use and a complete new system of anti-aircraft protection. All this is "in the clouds" of promised Defence schemes in 1937 and onwards.

But the issues of life and death may be decided this year; perhaps this month.

At the beginning of the Great War, our five Expeditionary Force Divisions were moved swiftly and at full strength. It would be difficult to estimate the time in which the first two Divisions at Aldershot could be moved now. It would certainly be weeks before they and the units of the 3rd and 4th Divisions could be made ready, mobile, and properly equipped.

A DEATH-TRAP

In plain language, a European war to-day would catch us in a death-trap.

Whose is the blame? Whose the responsibility?

The Government of this country.

For arguments sake, assume that Germany determined to face big issues at once. We would be absolutely dependent, until we could get ready, on France, Italy and Belgium. The irony of it all!

So weak is our Fleet in Home Waters that the German Navy, small as we believe it to be, might wreak havoc before our best ships came home from the Mediterranean. It is not outside the realms of possibility in these modern times that Germany could by sea and air land an Expeditionary Force of hers in this country.

How different in 1914 when our Navy was ready to a ship and a man.

No one expects anything of this nature to happen now, but in a crisis like the present, the unexpected has to be provided for within reason. Our Government has made no provision at all.

And the all-important Air Force. It is well-known that the best machines are now in the Near East; that many of our reinforcement machines are there as well, and in consequence, a very considerable part of our Air Force is overseas. What, then, if London and our naval ports were actively engaged from the air before their return?

It would be no good then for the Government



Trying out a quick firing mortar on Salisbury Plain. Dilatoriness in adopting new methods is partly responsible for Britain's weak defences.

to shout "What we are going to do!" The country needs and demands "facta non verba" right now. For the Defence Scheme as promulgated, is a first-class example of many words and a minimum of actions. And until the Government gets busy and goes much further along the lines of increasing our armed strength at home and overseas, by sea, land and in the air, it must be judged by its impotence and its terrible failure to make good even the first essential of defending the Home-land.

People who are patriots, who would like something more than the "hush-hush" news of most of the daily papers, and want to know and hear the truth, should buy

"The Patriot"

"The National Review"

and

their humble servant

"The Saturday Review"

Nelson of the Great War

THE late Earl Beatty will go down to history as the Nelson of the last Great War.

There are many similarities in the naval careers of Nelson and Beatty. Both attained rapid promotion and both proved early in their service that they were pre-eminently endowed with the qualities of leadership in action.

They were also alike in the fine courage that never recognised danger, that saw in the presence of an enemy, however strong, the need only of closing with him and of completely destroying him. And each had allied to this spirit of fearless offensive that knew not the possibility of defeat or disaster a genius for naval strategy and tactics and for quick decisions that made them a veritable terror to their foes.

Nelson in many ways was more fortunate than Beatty. His ships were the best of the age, his men better trained than those of any enemy he ever encountered and his armament more efficient than that which either France or Spain could boast.

Beatty before the Great War began had urged upon the Admiralty in vain the necessity of sparing no expense in the training of the Cruiser Squadron he had been given to command. He had done his best with the means at his disposal, but none knew better than he when the war began that this Squadron was not as efficient as he wanted it to be.

Then, too, after the Dogger Bank action the urgent representations he made to the Admiralty for "anti-flash" arrangements such as the Germans immediately incorporated into their ships were completely ignored, and Beatty had to suffer from this neglect in the Battle of Jutland, when he was to lose three of his best ships at the very opening of his single-handed engagement with the whole German High Seas Fleet.

In his first battle, that of the Heligoland Bight, he dealt the Germans a shattering blow. In his next at the Dogger Bank he was robbed of the smashing victory that should have been his, because his flagship, the *Lion*, was deficient in armour protection and was crippled at a critical moment of the action.

The same deficiencies brought disaster to his Squadron at Jutland, but Beatty as ever rose superior to misfortune and stuck gamely to the German High Seas Fleet, leading it all unsuspecting towards Jellicoe and the Grand Fleet. He ran the risk of having his own Squadron entirely wiped out, hoping that the ultimate result would more than repay any sacrifice he might be called to make.

It was no fault of his that the German High Seas Fleet eventually escaped the fate he had so gallantly and skilfully prepared for it.

But he had at least been the means of teaching



The Late Earl Beatty

the German High Command a lesson that it never forgot.

When Beatty succeeded Jellicoe in the Commander-in-Chiefship of the Grand Fleet in the closing year of the War it was only to find that nothing could tempt the Germans from the security of their own harbours. They had no desire to put Beatty's mettle again to the test.

For eight years after the War, Beatty, as First Sea Lord, had to fight yet another battle of a kind that must have been a sore trial to a man of his temperament—the battle as the Navy's champion against those who were whittling it down to nothing.

And when he retired his sense of duty impelled him to warn the country and the Government from his seat in the Lords of the appalling state of weakness into which the Navy had been allowed to fall through the folly of our crazy and unpatriotic peace-mongers in office.

Beatty is now, alas, no longer among us, but his memory remains as an inspiration to his countrymen. Another Nelson:—

*For he is England; Admiral
Till the setting of her sun.*

HITLER has at last made the Government begin to realise realities.

Mr. Eden has promised to examine Hitler's Peace Proposals (Hitler must feel bucked!)

But Hitler has declared that he marched his army into the Rhineland because he strongly objects to the Franco-Russian Pact.

Does Mr. Eden realise that an English Pact with Russia might meet with the same fate?

And then what would Mr. Eden do?

It is most important that there should be a clear understanding as to whether all further armaments—which the Government are talking about making—**ARE TO BE USED FOR THE DEFENCE OF OUR KING AND COUNTRY? OR FOR THE GLORIFICATION OF MR. EDEN AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS?**

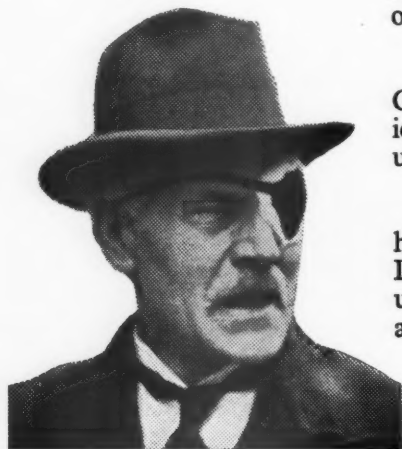
A still further important question Members of the House of Commons should insist upon receiving an answer to—is this:—

Are men first being told when asked to join up whether it is to fight for their King and Country?—or for the League of Nations?

A decisive **NO** has been given to this question by a British youth in an article in this week's "Saturday Review."

FOR MAKE NO MISTAKE—MR. EDEN—YOUNG MEN WILL NOT COME FORWARD TO FIGHT FOR THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

And it is only your Fans—they are easily recognised for they are marked with the Mark of the Beast—who will say they will not fight for their King and Country but only for the League of Nations.



RAMSAY MacDONALD

At the end of the Great War—Great Britain had a great and victorious Army and Germany's Army was utterly routed and defeated.

But imagine what might have happened if instead of Ramsay MacDonald and Stanley Baldwin to drag us down and destroy us—we had had a Mussolini or a Hitler!

For Germany—down and out—everything against her—no money—no arms—and with every kind of law built up around her to thwart her—is to-day the greatest military Power in the World.

This co League f

By Lady Astor



STANLEY BALDWIN

ccursed f Nations

lyston, D.B.E.

While Great Britain—through the machinations of these two men—has been brought down into a pitiful condition of ignominy.



ADOLF HITLER



BENITO MUSSOLINI

Her Defences destroyed—no Navy—no Army—no Air Force—two million men on the Dole who ought to be—sailors—soldiers—and airmen.

And yet in comparison to other nations—Britain had money to burn—which has only been spent on such things as new roads—which are death traps—and new houses into which the poor people are being driven entirely against their will—instead of being spent on the Defences of the Realm.

But we have been told by the Government that Britain cannot afford to spend more money on armaments !

Imagine how different things might have been if only ONE of those two men had been a Patriot !

Britain could and would by to-day—have risen to such heights of impregnable power that War with her would have been a presumptuous folly—**BECAUSE SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN PREPARED**—and would have had a Navy—double the strength of any other Navy—an Army second to none—and an Air Force—the greatest, most formidable and up-to-date in the World—as it was acknowledged by all to be at the end of the Great War.

And Mr. Baldwin promised us a few years ago that this should be done.

But instead of this—our Air Force cannot even be described as “One who also ran” in the order of the Air Forces of the World, for it is now only seventh or eighth.

Talk—talk—talk—Cabinet Meetings—Conferences by the Privy Council—speeches that make promises immediately broken—Parleys and meetings at Geneva (Where the Foreign Secretary has to go every few days to be coached by Litvinoff) Talk—talk—talk.

BUT NOTHING EVER DONE—and Britain is going down—down—down—into the depths of disgrace and despair—and al the World is sneering and jeering at our folly.

The Rescue

By Dan Russell

THE three fox-cubs lay snuggled together in the stuffy coolness of their earth. They were drowsy, for they had but lately fed upon a young rabbit which the vixen had brought to them. The chamber in which they lay was fouled with the remains of previous meals and the heavy stench of decaying flesh was strong in that confined space.

While they were blind and all but naked the vixen had stayed with them all the time, but now that their eyes were open and they were weaned she lay in another earth and only came to them to bring food or to watch them when they played outside. Her last visit had been just after dawn three hours ago, and the cubs were still comatose from the meal they had eaten.

Suddenly the peaceful quiet of the earth was broken. Heavy footfalls sounded overhead and a

are, sir," he said, and one by one he pulled them out by the scruff of the neck. They lay quite limp in his grasp, but as soon as they were put into a sack they began to struggle and tear in unavailing efforts to escape.

The huntsman turned to the gamekeeper. "That's the lot," he said, "only three. I'll keep 'em at the kennels to-night and they can be turned out to-morrow on the other side of the county. There's a nice little earth for 'em, far enough away from your pheasants, and our earth-stopper can feed 'em till they can fend for themselves; and you won't lose any more game."

He slung the bag over his shoulder and set off on his two-mile walk to the kennels.

Animal Instinct

Four hours later the little vixen slunk through the bracken to visit her children. Very cautiously



Fox Cubs in Conference.

muffled rumble of voices penetrated to the nursery. The cubs backed to the far end of their little cave and listened fearfully. Although so young, they already knew that men were enemies to be dreaded.

Terror of Suspense

They heard the clatter as a bundle of spades was thrown roughly down. They heard the snuffling of a dog as it tested the earth, and then they heard the glad bark which proclaimed that they were within. Then came the harsh jar of a spade biting upon gravel and the thudding of a pick. The cubs waited, motionless, terrified.

Slowly the sounds of digging grew nearer and nearer until a spade was pushed through the roof of their oven and a man peered in. "Here they

she trod, for she knew that the keeper had been about. Ten yards away from the earth she halted and searched the air with her nose. Something was wrong, she knew instinctively, and yet her nostrils brought her no news of danger.

With belly touching the ground she crept forward without a sound and peered with anxious eyes through the stalks of bracken. What she saw made her forget all caution and leap forward in an agony of fear. The earth was wrecked and her cubs were gone.

For many long minutes she stood upon the earth and whined miserably. Then she searched the surrounding bracken in the hope that her children were hidden there. At length she came back to her nursery. Across the soft mould was the deep

print of a hob-nailed boot. The vixen snarled at it as she went by. Then she halted as if struck by some new idea. She lowered her dainty muzzle and sniffed at the hated print. The reek of man hung heavily about it. Again she wrinkled her lips in a snarl. Then like a quartering hound she cast around for another of those reeking footprints. She found it upon the side and ran forward to get yet another taste of the man-scent. Heedless of danger she trotted forward, muzzle to ground, puzzling out the route the man had taken.

Several times the scent failed, and she had to cast before she recovered it. Often it vanished altogether, but that strange instinct which is found in the mothers of the animal world guided her ever on towards her goal. Though it meant her own death she would be with her cubs.

Old William Greenacre, doing a bit of hedge-trimming, was astonished to see a small red fox trotting across the middle of the field. He shouted at her and she turned to gaze at him with inscrutable amber eyes. "Twere just as though she scorned me," he said afterwards. "Her gied me one luke, then trotted as cool as a cucumber."

Night Raid

It was late in the afternoon when she reached the spinney which flanked the kennel buildings. The scent had failed long since, but she *knew* that somewhere in those sheds were her precious cubs. She lay in the spinney and waited for the coming of night.

It was full dark before she stirred. The kennel buildings lay shadowy and silent beneath a cloudy

sky. The only sign of life was a light in the huntsman's cottage. From the kennels themselves came the rustling of straw as the hounds stirred on their benches. The little vixen crept into the stable yard and sniffed at the door of a loose-box. There was nothing there. From door to door she crept like some shadowy wraith and at the fifth box she found them.

They welcomed her with little joyous cries, but she snuffled at them to be silent. Then she examined their prison. The door was stout and covered at the bottom with a sheet of tin. There was no finding a way through that. But four feet from the ground was a window, and one pane was broken. Lightly she leaped upon the sill and disappeared within.

A moment later she reappeared with a cub gripped gently between her jaws. With head held high she trotted out of the yard, through the kennel buildings and into the spinney. There she dropped the cub and bade him remain still until she returned. Again she returned and brought out the second cub.

But when she was bringing out her third child a dog began to bark. Undaunted, she held on her way. The huntsman in his cottage heard the dog and flung open his window. In the yard he saw a shadow, moving swiftly towards the kennel sheds. He guessed what had happened and gave a mighty view holloa. The shadow paused, and for a second he caught the reflection of two yellow eyes. Then it cantered on into the gloom, and the man knew that the captives were free again.

RACING

Exit Belted Hero

By David Learmonth

IT is funny how when pondering over one thing one's thoughts are often led to something which seems at first quite different, but which really has a fundamental connection. I was considering Reynoldstown's running at Lingfield and Belted Hero's poor showing, idly turning over the morning newspaper at the same time, when my eye fell upon a report of some strange cleric who professed to exorcise evil spirits. The form of mumbo-jumbo he used was also printed for my edification:

"... beat down Satan and quickly deliver this place from all evil spirits, illusion, or fantasies of the Devil, and cause them to depart to the place prepared for them, and there remain bound with chains until the Judgment."

This ferocious prayer reminded me how uncharitable we all really are; and I realised that secretly I was very pleased that Belted Hero had strained his heart and was now unable to run in the Grand National. After all, had I not said after seeing him run at Kempton that he did not look well? Had I not said he was delicate? Had I not declared that he would not win?

It would be very dreadful if, after all that, Belted

Hero should win the Liverpool. This fear was becoming quite an obsession with me, my regular nightmare after an injudicious dinner. Now all that is removed, and even if poor Belted Hero be bound with chains, figuratively speaking, until the Judgment, whatever that may be, I do not care. Man is a callous devil.

Hard Luck for Trainer

Seriously, though, I do not think that Belted Hero would have won the National, though such speculation is idle now. Everyone, however, will feel very sorry for Lord Penrhyn and Stedall. The latter has trained a delicate horse with great patience and skill and, although personally I opposed him, I am by no means infallible, and one only has to open the form book to see that Belted Hero had a very good chance of success.

Reynoldstown's performance was brilliant, though it did not surprise me. Only a couple of days before I had a letter from Mr. Frank Furlong in which he mentioned that the horse had been only half fit at Birmingham owing to the prolonged frost and that I would see a great improvement at Lingfield. I certainly did see a great

improvement, though, with Belted Hero incapacitated, some people argued that the winner beat nothing. This is not quite fair, although I do not think Southern Hero really stays three miles and Royal Ransome was having his first race for a long time.

It must be remembered that Reynoldstown was top weight in a handicap. Looking at the race from this point of view, he beat some very good horses at the weights. What was more impressive was the way he did it. He simply flew at the finish and won with remarkable ease. The harder I try the fewer reasons can I find why Reynoldstown should not win the National again this year.

There are many people who do extraordinary things—I have done many remarkable things myself—but after the most intensive thought I have failed completely to fathom the reason for consistently running Rathfriland in important steeplechases. This wretched animal has not the remotest chance in such events and would be far better

race has been going downhill for a long time, and if it were not run at the very beginning of the season and if it were not coupled by the optimistic in doubles with the Grand National would attract no interest whatever. The latest thing I hear is that Boethius is being heavily backed. Well, Lambton has won the Lincoln before and he may do so again, though honestly I do not care twopence whether he does so or not. To my mind there are no races more speculative and few more wretched.

A contemporary, referring to Reynoldstown's victory at Lingfield, used unconscious irony when writing "All that is best in steeplechasing is crammed into the month of March." This is only too true. It is, in fact, a point which I have been hammering at for years, and I wish to goodness the National Hunt Committee, instead of meddling with point-to-points on the ground that they draw the public away from the race-courses, would do something about it.



Golden Miller (nearest camera) fancied National candidate, has a try out with new jockey, Evan Williams, up.

suited by a selling steeplechase at Totnes or Newton Abbott. What is even stranger is that Rathfriland is still engaged in the Grand National, in which race his bold owner will, I understand, make a new attempt to split the atom. Grave perils are faced in the interests of science.

Such enthusiasm in fact is worthy of a job in Russia, the military attaché of which distressful country recently inquired officially concerning "the percentage of casualties to military personnel at point-to-points." The appropriate bureaucrat in the War Office passed on the inquiry to a friend of mine in Gloucestershire, who replied quite unabashed 21.925.

This is rather a difficult time to write a racing article as the Cheltenham meeting is just about to come off, but will be over before this is in print. The next event of so-called importance is the Lincoln. I have no idea what will win it, and nor has anybody else. Anyhow, who cares? The

At present four-fifths of the season is frittered away while the good horses wait for the great events in March, every previous engagement made for them being looked upon merely as part of the training to this end. I admit that the experience of this season hardly commends the making of January or February an important part of the season. But there is no reason why December should not be.

This month, in spite of traditional Christmas cards, does not suffer greatly from frost and should be made a really important one, with steeplechases so valuable that the best horses would be triers. This would be a far more edifying spectacle than seeing them crawl round half fit, and there would be plenty of time to let them down and get them ready again for the Grand National. As for the Cheltenham Gold Cup, if it is to continue to be run at the time it is now, the sooner the National Hunt Committee abolish the National the better.

New Books I can Recommend

BY THE LITERARY CRITIC

IN compressing their "World History" into 800 pages of fair-sized print, Messrs. R. Flenley and W. N. Weech have achieved a laudable feat, for their book (published by Dent, 12s. 6d.) is an excellent exposition of its main theme, "the growth of Western Civilisation."

The authors begin with a brief, but adequate, account of early civilisations, making full use of all the information available from recent archaeological discoveries. They then turn to ancient Greece and Rome and the origins and growth of that particular civilisation which has been most responsible for shaping the course of world history.

While concentrating on western civilisation and tracing its story down to present times, they do not, however, omit to refer to other civilisations where points of contact are of importance and need emphasising.

An attractive feature is the wealth of illustration and the large number of coloured maps.

"The German Lawrence"

One of the main objects of German propaganda in the East during the Great War was to unite the whole of Islam against us.

The German High Command had not allowed for the serious antagonisms that made Shia and Sunni often the bitterest of enemies and caused Arab and Persian to look upon the Turk as hateful oppressors and infidels. Nor had it reckoned upon the loyalty of Indian Mahomedan troops or the shrewdness of the Oriental in making bargains.

Germany relied on a small band of "agents" to stir up the East and generally work wonders with empty promises and still more empty purses.

The men employed—Wassmuss, Niedermayer, Seiler, Wagner and Zugmayer—did what courage, enterprise and perseverance could, but they were not magicians and they were given a really hopeless task to perform, as most of them quickly discovered.

The most persevering and most successful of the lot was Wassmuss, sometimes called rather extravagantly "the German Lawrence."

He certainly caused us a great deal of trouble by his propaganda and other activities in Southern Persia, but with all respect to his eulogistic biographer, Mr. Christopher Sykes ("Wassmuss," illustrated, Longmans, 10s. 6d.), one begs leave to doubt whether he did much to bring about our disaster at Kut. The sole responsibility for that disaster rests with the Government of India of the time.

Mr. Sykes gives us an interesting and moving account of Wassmuss's fruitless endeavours to pay back the "debt of honour" incurred in the war by embarking on a quite futile farming experiment in Tangistan.

French Revolution Studies

Newspaper readers who delight in "Beachcomber's" satire and wit may perhaps be unpre-

pared for seeing him assume the rôle of serious historian.

Yet "The Bastille Falls" (Longmans, illustrated, 12/6) contains abundant proof that he (in his private capacity as Mr. J. B. Morton) has not only made a very special study of the French Revolutionary era, but possesses the true historian's art of recreating the past out of the accumulation of well-documented fact.

There is nothing imaginary in the details of the dramatic episodes he has chosen to recount to us, in the period of five years from the fall of the Bastille to the death of Robespierre.

He has carefully avoided putting into the mouths or minds of his characters anything for which there is no documentary authority, and has relied solely on his own powers of graphic description to convey to his readers vivid impressions of these old days of Terror. And he has admirably succeeded in his purpose.

The latest volume of Messrs. Peter Davies' very popular series of "Short Biographies" is "Robespierre" by G. J. Renier (5/-).

The "Sea-green Incorruptible" is an extremely difficult subject for biography owing to the difficulty most authorities experience in interpreting his actions and his motives.

Mr. Renier is inclined to take a very lenient view of his character.

"The conception of Robespierre as a monster will not survive the study of the numerous original documents now available. He was not bloodthirsty. He was not a man of action. His intelligence was that of a contemplative, his outlook that of a history don who has dabbled in philosophy."

A Poet Pedlar

With capital represented (so he tells us) by "a pair of strong legs and some indifferent verse," Mr. Geoffrey Pollett set out from Horsham on a literary pilgrimage that was to land him eventually at the little town of Bovey Tracey to the east of Dartmoor.

He had, he says, been absent in New Zealand for eight years, and he was anxious on his return home to visit some New Zealand friends living in Bovey Tracey. In order to pay the expenses of food and travel he had armed himself with a pedlar's license and three hundred broadsheet poems to be sold for sixpence each ("Song for Sixpence," with woodcuts by Florence M. Green, Longmans, 8/6).

The venture appears to have been eminently successful from the pecuniary point of view, for at the end of it all Mr. Pollett had no less than one hundred and eighty shillings in his pocket!

But that both to Mr. Pollett and his reader is a small matter. This peddling business, one suspects, is not intended to be taken too seriously. It is just the means for introducing us informally to a vast number of interesting personalities in the literary and artistic world.

Mr. Pollett effects these introductions in a truly charming manner, with a tact and delicacy only to be expected in an ideal pedlar. And as for "the indifferent verse," the samples he gives us of it prove his excessive modesty.

CORRESPONDENCE

Anthony Eden's Joke

SIR,—May I comment briefly on the first three letters in to-day's *Saturday Review*. The more participants in a Defence Loan, the more citizens will have a second claim to insist that their money shall be spent for King and Country, not for the sake of Geneva-ah, and the Chief Announce-ah, and the International Promote-ahs.

As to coal and oil, ships have been built or adapted for both; this should be done with all, and coal used ordinarily where possible, with enormous advantage to South Wales, the whole kingdom and Empire.

As to Observer's letter, anybody who has listened to conversations for years in the less and less stately and never very humble homes of England, and has read the papers, will see that nothing can be more undemocratic in an essential sense than for a Cabinet Minister to pretend, in a taunting manner, that he has never heard of Lady Houston. (Who was heard of, in most of the said homes, long before he was!)

In case of attack, of course, the pretence is that it was a genial Parliamentary joke. What it really means is the usual flouting of honest patriotic opinion by the post-war Geneva-ah Lords-Schools political hierarchy, which again generally means sheer funk of the almost defunct Libs. and the "dunno where they are" Labs.; or perhaps really of the International Promote-ahs, whose contributions are so important, to pay for post-ahs, and what not.

O. C. G. HAYTER.

24, Longton Avenue, S.E.26.

A Dangerous Society

SIR,—The prime villain and sinner in inducing the public not only to agree to, but to agitate for a weak, inadequate Navy, is the League of Nations Union. Its posters showing pictures of warships and their cost (which might be used for social services—that old blind gaff) were for years in every place. A people with horse sense would have torn them across directly they were put up. This Union is the greatest danger to peace in the world.

BRITON.

London, S.E.

Senile Decay

YOUR LADYSHIP,—

I, as a young man of 26, am wholly in agreement with your sentiments.

Why should the youth of to-day who had to starve during the war and suffer unemployment after it, be governed by a body of fogies who seem to be destined for ever to continue in their "Comedy of Errors." After all, age is largely a matter of senile decay, and the so-called wisdom of the past seems to be incompatible with the future. It is to the next generation that we owe a better world. "What did Nelson die for?" "Where is our Red, White and Blue?" We still have white papers, blue ministers and a red muddle. Unless we are strong, the strong will not listen to us.

KIPPS.

Kew, Surrey.

War Office Mistakes

SIR,—In all the great schemes that are on foot for the purchase of the most modern and up-to-date war equipment, there is one thing that can be predicted with certainty, namely, whatever scheme is adopted, serious mistakes will occur, and every action should be taken now to see that means are always available to prevent or correct the inevitable blunders.

On several occasions, during the War, I reported mistakes in equipment and in the designs of new equipment,

only to find even when one could demonstrate, the demonstrations proved some senior incompetent and were, therefore, considered subversive of military discipline.

A new spirit is required in the Service where every new flaw observed in Service Mechanism should be a feather in the cap of the soldier who has the initiative to find it.

The tricks of the trade, however, are well known. When the War Office make any particularly bad blunder, they declare the equipment obsolete, as was the case with my Gun Mountings which were adopted in 1916. At this time, instead of informing me that they intended to copy my design which I was using in France, they went to a firm in England and took the drawings of a first model that did not work, and issued unserviceable equipment.

Before the issue occurred I was able to advise them of their mistake, but could not stop it.

I now wish to advise the War Office of a very much worse mistake they are making to-day. They took from me another and an entirely new type of machine, all my records of tests, drawings of an improved model and my Patent Rights in order that they might develop the scheme themselves, and then I heard no more and could get no information of what they were doing, the only link I had with my invention was that I must submit all further improvements to them.

False Assumptions

In 1931 I laid further improvements before them and applied for an award so that I should have the funds to develop it myself. The War Office then stated the device had been tried and was useless for military purposes. There were no grounds for an award.

The Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors then heard my claims and recommended £250. £150 for the unserviceable Gun Mountings and £100 for a device that had never been used, and according to the War Office, was useless.

It was proved through the Commission that the War Office had based all their decisions on false assumptions of tests which they had never made, all they had done was to destroy my records and lose my machine in 1925 and, thereafter misrepresent my work, while at the same time they retained my Patent Rights until they expired.

I refused this award until such time as the War Office should correct their mistakes, and on 2nd December, 1932, the War Office wrote: "It is desired to observe that the sum of £100 was not dependant upon the question of efficiency or otherwise of your design. The Department adhere to the decision, the machine is not required for military purposes and no further correspondence will be entertained, either upon this aspect or on the questions of efficiency and practicability of the machine. I am to enquire if you desire the draft for £100."

The above clearly illustrates the absolute indifference of the War Office, in technical matters, to the correction of mistakes, even after the Chairman of the Royal Commission, Lord Tomlin, had stated:

"It is the sort of thing that would not have happened except in a Government Department."

R. H. ANDERSON.

The Grand Spa Hotel, Bristol.

Who Is Mr. Eden?

MADAM,—You may well ask who is Mr. Anthony Eden? No one had ever heard of him before he was pushed into the limelight and no one can make out now why he is kept in it. Even Sir Samuel Hoare was better than this tailor's dummy.

L. V. RYLANDS.

Luton.

CORRESPONDENCE

Let Us Act

SIR,—The only possible way out of the present deplorable political situation is to form another political party pledged to those real Conservative principles that have been so lightly jettisoned by Mr. Baldwin.

It is past the time that the appeal by pen and ink ceased and deliberate and energetic action substituted, since there is a large and growing patriotic section of the nation which, while utterly opposed to the almost criminal folly of Mr. Baldwin, is not represented in the House of Commons and, in consequence, is compelled to witness in silence the possible destruction of the Empire, which undoubtedly will be the ultimate end if Mr. Baldwin is allowed to continue his present onward march.

It is useless to appeal to the Conservative Party, which is absolutely blind to the weakness and ineptitude of Mr. Baldwin. Even supposing that that party did awaken to realities, it is practically certain that internal intrigues, as usual, would result in another weak person being elected to its head.

The attempt to form the Empire Party resulted in a section of the nation subscribing over £100,000 in a few days, and because it is widely recognised that the political situation has worsened many times since then, it is safe to say that men and money to form the suggested new party would be forthcoming in correspondingly larger numbers and financial subscriptions.

But action is urgently wanted—action, bold and determined—and that NOW.

ARTHUR S. GILMAN.

74, Grosvenor Road,
Aldershot, Hants.

Social Service Squandermania

SIR,—Britain needs no treaty with any nation provided that she be defensively armed in overwhelming strength. And unless Britain arms herself in this degree she can be as little use in any major European conflict as are the agglomeration of small and relatively impotent members of the League of Nations to Britain.

It is absurd to suppose that this country could ever detach itself from a major European war just as it was an impossibility for Britain to do so in 1914. But if armed as powerfully as the position of this nation and the possession of an Empire renders it necessary, then Britain would represent, as she has so often done in the past, the best guarantee of world peace, while at the same time she would, with her Empire, be safe from any sort of attack involving defeat.

It is nonsensical for anyone to assert that this country cannot afford to rearm herself into a position of absolute security. We spend annually in so-called social services over £500,000,000, or more than any other six nations of Europe combined spend under this head, and seeing that any defeat resulting from inadequate armaments would bring this £500,000,000 expenditure down with a run, the importance of being armed to the point of safety as against that of danger would seem to be self-evident.

Our present weakness is demonstrably the result of the advent to political circles of slobbering sentimentalists and dreamers divorced from any sense of reality excepting that which is bound up with political place and emolument. The Conservative electorate is more numerous than ever it was; but when these electors are fooled by their parliamentary nominees, as has been the case with the last three Conservative administrations under Mr. Baldwin, then mass abstentions, the result of disgust, have let in the Socialists.

The Conservative Parliamentary Party is to-day shot-holed and dry-rotted with inharmonious elements for the presence of which there is not the remotest necessity and until these elements, mainly Socialistic, shall have been expelled, there will always be the danger of the Socialist Party again getting into the saddle.

What is vitally needed is a revival of that Conservatism which will always be associated with the name of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

PHILIP H. BAYER.

58, Welbeck Street,
London, W.1.

Use the Old Brigade

DEAR MADAM,—

In last Sunday's *Sunday Dispatch* an article appeared under the heading of:—"National Service Coming."

In that article we are told that difficulty is being experienced in securing the requisite number of officers and men for the Army, Navy, Air Force and Territorial Army, and that there is every likelihood of some form of National Service being brought in to make up this deficiency.

As a man who served in the last War, both as a "Tommy" and an officer, and who has found life extremely difficult since returning to civil life, may I please, through the medium of your outspoken paper, suggest that some use be made of we fellows who served then, and who are willing and fit to serve again if given the opportunity.

Many of us are in the very prime of life and through no fault of our own are forced to, more or less, fritter our lives away in any old job that comes our way.

Take my own case for instance—I enlisted when 17 years of age (1914) and served in Belgium, France and Italy, and ever since demobilisation in 1919 have paddled my own canoe without any Government assistance (meaning the dole) whatever. I am now 39 years of age and as fit as a fiddle and would give much to be able to take up service once again—but I am too old, just think of it, Madam, too old at 39. Yet I venture to say that if war broke out to-morrow, I should be called up by a most callous and unsympathetic Government.

I wish you, Madam, would raise a corps of ex-Service Men—we could at least get in some training even if they forbade us arms. Please give this your earnest consideration.

L. R. WAGSTAFF (Lieut.)

3, Imperial Road,
Exmouth, Devonshire.

American Politics

SIR,—To revert to ancient history, President Roosevelt in his unprecedented message to Congress, flattered America's peaceful and humanitarian spirit by implicitly contrasting that spirit with the warlike spirit of foreign nations, and at the same time avoided any discussion of his own policies that might have been brought against him in the coming campaign.

The President is adroit, but the trouble is his adroitness is obvious. Great leaders also plan and scheme, but their plans and schemes succeed because few or none discern them.

Foreign nations who were incensed at the President's address would have spared expression of their anger if they had known the devious ramifications of American politics. The President's address was meant for home, not foreign consumption.

Who will be elected President next fall? Probably President Roosevelt. The prestige of a man's name is what counts in his favour. Only the names of Hoover and Borah are great enough to oppose the President's name. Hoover is out of the race. To elect him, the people, in scriptural phrase, would have to be like "the dog who returns to his vomit." Borah cannot charm the masses. He is only a Republican Bryan who lacks Bryan's popularity with the people. However, perhaps the best thing the Republicans can do is to nominate Borah. He would pool enough votes to save the face of the Republican Party, or at least, to wash some of the smudges off. Colonel Knox also is an able man.

CHARLES HOOPER.

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, U.S.A.

THEATRE NOTES

"Wisdom Teeth"

Embassy Theatre

By Noel Streatfield.

IN "Wisdom Teeth" we are presented with the problem of the children of divorced parents. Gerald Harvey divorces his wife, April, so retaining the right to bring up his children. The governess, Anne Mills, who is in charge of the children, inculcates into them all the qualities of fine citizenship without being able, of course, to do anything about "mother-love." Gerald marries Anne and the children grow up with them, but it is not altogether a happy household. Anne suggests that it might help if the children go to see their mother, long since married to her lover, Hubert Pargiter. They do so and stay with her for a bit. Their mother, April Pargiter, however, having established very affectionate relations between herself and her children during this visit, follows what she calls the dictates of a mother's heart during a crisis in which the children are involved and so betrays them completely. The children in disgust go back with Anne and Gerald.

Edith Sharpe was an admirable governess-cum-stepmother and Ronald Adam fell neatly into the part of a pipe-loving, rather comfortably paunchy father. The parts of the two youngsters were excellently handled by Robert Flemyng and Elizabeth Western, and Beatrice Thomson fluttered her way very prettily through the part of April.

"Children to Bless You"

Ambassadors

By G. Sheila Donisthorpe.

MISS DONISTHORPE has written a curiously uneven play. The first scene was great fun, with its swiftness of movement and generally brisk tempo, a tempo admirably sustained by the producer, Mr. Maxwell Wray. The second scene slowed down the pace to such an extent that one was not quite sure whether the play had been written by one person or two. So it went on through the evening, creating, in the end, something of the effect of a Neapolitan ice. Miss Donisthorpe is no doubt new to the Theatre, but when she has more fully mastered the art of construction she will probably write a really good play.

Even as it is "Children to Bless You" is good value for the not too discriminating. The characters are well observed and true to life, and it is chiefly on the amusing picture of the simple and devoted little mother surrounded by a family of selfish, high-spirited, ultra-modern young people that the play depends for its effect. The plot, if it exists, is negligible, but the acting was excellent all round. Nobody knows better than Miss Mary Jerrold how to give a picture of worried sweetness, and here is a part after her own heart. She was excellently supported by Miss Irene Brown, Miss Margery Mars and Miss Ethel Coleridge, whose every look spoke volumes. I was particularly taken with Miss Joan White, a natural comedienne whose future I shall watch with interest.

C.S.

"Red Night"

Queen's Theatre

By James Lansdale Hodson.

THIS is a play about war which, as far as one can gather, is intended to be propaganda for peace. War is never lovely, as obviously Mr. Hodson knows only too well, but it is not a thing which any Englishman will shirk, as was proved conclusively during the years 1914-1918. Unfortunately, Mr. Hodson's play has no central plot, and the series of incidents which he places before us do not make a synthesis.

Private Hardcastle was enthusiastic when he first donned khaki; he became less enthusiastic as war became more insistently bestial, and he was eventually killed on the very eve of a long-delayed leave. Had one been particularly interested in Hardcastle as such one might have discerned the genus of real drama, but he, admirably as he was played by Mr. Robert Donat, was too much the straw blown by the wind to command any definite interest in himself.

Mr. Donat is to be congratulated on so far effacing himself in his first essay in actor-manager-ship. His performance is sincere and natural and he does not hesitate to give every opportunity to Mr. John Mills and Mr. George Carney. He has obviously put on "Red Night" because he believes in it, and I sincerely hope that his belief will be justified.

COMPANY MEETING

METROPOLITAN ELECTRIC SUPPLY

The forty-ninth ordinary general meeting of the Metropolitan Electric Supply Co. Ltd., was held on Tuesday, at Winchester House, London, E.C.

MR. GEORGE BALFOUR, M.P., the chairman, said the accounts justified his forecast of previous years and the somewhat Spartan policy which they had adopted.

Their great expansion had been mostly for the benefit of the consumers. In the London area in 1927 the revenue available for depreciation and interest had amounted to £215,000 from the sale of 34,000,000 units and the average price paid by the consumer was 3.36d. per unit. Although the units had increased year by year to 62,000,000 units last year, the revenue had actually dropped to £142,000, and the average unit charge to 1.93d.

After stating that during the year they had entered into an agreement for the acquisition of the Ordinary share capital of the Notting Hill company, he said during the year they had connected 17,744 new consumers, compared with 14,688 for 1934 and 13,257 in 1933. Last year's connections constituted a record. Revenue from sale of current at £1,220,267 showed an increase of £106,665, their large increase in consumers and units sold now showing results. On the other side of the account, however, cost of current at £645,987 showed an increase of £73,410, following an increase from the previous year of £51,692.

They had a balance on revenue account of £354,559, which, with the balance brought forward of £135,792, and interest and dividends, etc., from subsidiary companies, £173,504, and the small profit of £308 on investments, made a total of £664,163.

The available balance was £318,215, out of which the directors recommended a final dividend at the rate of 14 per cent. per annum, amounting to £175,000, making with the interim dividend already paid, a dividend of 10 per cent for the year, leaving a balance of £143,215 to be carried forward.

The report was unanimously adopted.

The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ABERFELDY, Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA, Dumbartonshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY. — Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2 7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST. — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BOURNE END, Bucks. — The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 30. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE. — Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1½ miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL, Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON, Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. — Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf fishing, racing.

CALLANDER, Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 6 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYNDERWEN. — Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/-. W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/-. Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY, CORNWALL. — Sea View. Bed., 9; Annexe, 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5095.

ELY, Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-. Boating.

FALMOUTH, Cornwall. — The Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW, W.2. — Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/-. Lun., 3/-. Din., 5/-. Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW, C.2. — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/-. Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE, Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 28. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 13/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes. — The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

LANWRTYD WELLS, Central Wales. — Dol-y-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter £4 7/6; sum., £4 15/-. W.E., 30/-. Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

LOCH AWE, Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalmally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

GORE Hotel, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2, and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T.: Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/-. Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel, St. Martin's Street. Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH, Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/-. Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/-. Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-. W.E., £1 7/-. Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Central Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 30/-. Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL Hotel.—Bed., 44; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., from 45/-. 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

NEWTON STEWART, Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling tennis.

NITON, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W. — Niton Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E. from £2 5/-. Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OKHAM, Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns; W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/-. Golf.

PAIGNTON, DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/-. Garden.

PETERBOROUGH. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from 45 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RIPON, Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/-. Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY, Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/-. Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks. — Castle Hotel, Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/-. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel, Ravenaar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/-. Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH. — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH UIST, Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 6 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT. — Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/- Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/6; Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn., golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS. — Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d.; double, 14/-. Golf, trout fishing.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10/-; W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TREWESBURY, Glos.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY. — The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

TYNDRUM, Perthshire. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 2; Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 5/-; Sup., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, shooting.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

WARWICK. — Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-. Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE. — Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E. £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH. — Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3 12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BIRIGG, Lincolnshire.—Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BUDE, N. Cornwall.—The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view.—Pens., from 2 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNISLAND, Fifeshire.—Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens. from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-. Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, ESSEX.—Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow; Pens., 3 gns.; W.E. from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

CHELTHENHAM SPA.—Visit the Bays-hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PYATTS Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-. Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-. Golf, polo.

EASTBOURNE.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square.—Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E. from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter garden.

EDINBURGH.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall.—Boscawen Private Hotel. Centre sea front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Proprs. 'Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE Hotel, Cliff Road. Bed., 58; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 25/-. Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK.—Bracadale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN, Dorset.—The Links, Wimbome Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day (5/- Aug-Sept.).

FOLKESTONE.—The ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue; 3 mins. to Sea and Leas Cliff Concert Hall. Bed., 13; Rec., 2. Pens., 3-3½ gns. W.E., 10/6 daily. Excellent table.

GOATHLAND, Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, ½ mile. Hunting, fishing.

GODALMING.—Farncombe Manor Hotel, Farncombe. Pens., 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, tennis.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone: 761, 762.

HEREFORD.—The Residence Hotel, Broad Street. Bed., 25. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., from 25/-. Salmon fishing, boating, tennis. Large garage and car park.

ILFRACOMBE.—The Osborne Private Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, bowls.

IMPERIAL Hotel, Promenade, facing sea. Well known. Lift. Ballroom. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. Write for Tariff.

LEAMINGTON SPA.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binswood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf, half mile away. Tennis, bowls, croquet.

SPA Hotel, Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER.—Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary Street. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf.

LOCH-SHIEL, ARGYLL.—Ardshelach Hotel, Acharacle. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-. G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel, 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. 'Phone: Vic. 0867 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

BONNINGTON HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8s. 6d.

CORA Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 Guests; Room, bath, and Table d'Hôte breakfast, 8/6.

KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

LADBROKE Hotel, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel, 7, Liddington Place, N.W.1. T. Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR HOTEL, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden, Billiards.

OLD CEDARS Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2; Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 30/-. G. Golf, within 10 minutes. Billiards. Ballroom. Tennis Courts.

PALACE GATE Hotel, Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns.; W.E., 30/-.

RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel, 4, Pembroke Villas, Baywater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2/12/6.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. 'Phone: Park, 1168. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., fr. 2½ gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE, 55, Belaise Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel, 35, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns., single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T. Mus. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 3/6; Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON, N. Devon.—Waterloo House Private Hotel, Bed., 16. Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/-. Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Hillaide Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/-. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road, T., Jesmond, 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single from 7/6. Garden.

THE OSBORNE Hotel, Jesmond Road. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 12/6; W.E., £1 7/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

OXFORD.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., £1 17/6. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks.—Riviera Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from £3 17/6; W.E., Sat. to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

SHAFTESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel.—Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., 42/- to 57/-. Golf, private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.—Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

TENBY, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-. Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30/-. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden, tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23, Rec., 2. Pens. from 3 gns. W.E. from 9/- per day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

UIG, Isle of Skye.—Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot, 3/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

MISCELLANEOUS

MEMBERSHIP of the INCOME TAX SERVICE BUREAU brings relief.—Address, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

GERMANY.—Learn the Truth for yourself. Free literature in English obtainable from Dept. 8, Deutscher Fichtebund, Hamburg 36, Jungfernstieg 30.

LANDRINDOD WELLS.—Kingsland Hotel for creature comforts and for miles and miles of preserved Salmon and Trout Waters. Mr. Walter Gallichan, authority on fishing, resident for advice and tuition. En Pension from 3 gns. Mr. and Mrs. E. Turnbull, Resident Proprietors.

PUBLIC NOTICES

THE SOCIETY OF INCORPORATED ACCOUNTANTS AND AUDITORS. A.D. 1885. EXAMINATIONS.

Notice is hereby given that the next Examination of candidates resident in England and Wales will be held in London, Manchester, Cardiff and Leeds on the following dates:—

Preliminary Examination—May 4th and 5th, 1936.
Intermediate Examination—May 6th and 7th, 1936.
Final Examination—May 5th, 6th and 7th, 1936.

Candidates desirous of presenting themselves must give notice to the undersigned on or before March 31st, 1936.

BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL.
A. A. GARRETT,
Secretary.

Incorporated Accountants' Hall,
Victoria Embankment,
London, W.C.2.

THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Youth and Immigration

From an Australian Correspondent

WHILE Governments remain careful not to commit themselves to a renewal of immigration to Australia, evidence of a desire for a fresh start accumulates from both sides. The appointment of a body to advise the Secretary for the Dominions on immigration proposals, and recent speeches and actions of men who left the Old World to make successful careers in Australia, are encouraging factors.

Mr. William Angliss, who left London as a youth with a few shillings and made a great fortune in the Australian meat trade, has shown practical gratitude by presenting to the Big Brother Movement a valuable property near Melbourne. It will serve as a training establishment for English youths.

It is significant, too, that Mr. William Forgan Smith, the Scottish-born Labour Premier of Queensland, should have devoted most of his public utterances in London to the allied problems of markets and migration. He does not share the hostility of the Labour Party in other parts of Australia to a renewal of immigration, provided that adequate assurances are forthcoming of the scope in the British market for the products of an increased Australian population.

"The only title to land that the Muse of History recognises is effective occupation," says Mr. Forgan Smith. He thus crystallises the problem of a Continent occupied by a handful of people. No argument brought forward by those who would maintain Australia as a gigantic island of Robinson Crusoes can gainsay this summary of Australian responsibilities.

When any concrete scheme of a renewal of immigration to Australia is brought forward, it must clearly be a case of "Accent on Youth." The experience of the post-War years showed that the percentage of failure was at its lowest in schemes which provided for the absorption of the youth of England into the Australian population. Talk of Imperial unity and of common heritage cannot overcome the changes of environment and outlook for those who go to Australia in search of a new career with minds already formed. Some larger-scale version of the Big Brother Movement or of the Child Emigration Society's Fairbridge Farm School training system offers the most encouraging prospect for the next serious attempt at increasing Australia's British population.

Mr. Forgan Smith has performed a useful service in exposing a weakness of the "community settlement" form of mass immigration. Though basically a psychological objection,

its material effects may be important. Briefly, the Queensland Premier contends that the introduction into Australia of families or groups from the same part of England to develop a selected stretch of country would lead to "mass nostalgia"—much worse an affliction than in the individual. There would also be a tendency to create groups who would actively or sub-consciously resist their amalgamation into the national life of their new country.

Mr. Forgan Smith forms these conclusions from hard personal experience. His first job in Australia was digging postholes in drought-stricken land. Working with a gang of Australians, native pride forbade him to complain of the severity of the task as it appeared to a newcomer. Self-pity might have come uppermost and the objective of making good been delayed in the presence of other fresh arrivals confronting the toilsome beginning of new careers.

Kenya Looks after Herself

By "Settler"

A PERUSAL of the home papers reveals a number of articles and "letters to the Editor" all concerned about the "Honour" of Great Britain for her efforts to bring the Italo-Abyssinian war to a close.

The ideas of these anti-Italian fanatics are dangerous. Moreover, they seem to forget that the Habash themselves have in the past conquered, and half ruined, considerable portions of Africa now known as Abyssinia.

One gentleman calmly remarks: "Why not give Italy a slice of Kenya, which seems to be a permanent financial and political thorn in the flesh of the Colonial Office?"

The generosity of certain idealists with other people's property is most uplifting, but such suggestions are hardly calculated to strengthen the ties that bind this great Empire of ours together.

The idea that Kenya has received great financial aid from Britain is, of course, erroneous, but what can one expect from people who are so obviously totally uninterested in our Colonial Empire which has been left to struggle through the depression unaided?

It is obvious that if left to the tender mercies of the cranks in England Kenya might find itself suddenly given away to the first predatory aggressor who made sufficient noise and unpleasant enough faces.

Meanwhile our Vigilance Committee is steadily working for the benefit of Kenya as a whole.

Already a great deal has been accomplished: the appointment of

Sir Alan Pim on whose report future action depends, the appointment of the Joint Standing Finance Committee, the maize subsidy, reduction of certain railway freights, the Agricultural Indebtedness Committee and, last but not least, a general "gingering up" of the Government, who seem at last to have grasped that the settlers mean business.

Further, plans have been formed which can and will be carried out if the improvements the settlers want are not effected.

By the way, someone has discovered that by the Congo Basin Treaty Kenya can continue to import all and every kind of stuff for re-export to Abyssinia or Somaliland, so Sanctions cannot affect Kenya!! If true, it will be interesting to see if oil comes in here if and when oil sanctions are enforced.

How Good Shots are Made

Are men trained in a clear atmosphere better shots than those from less congenial climates?

In a recently held competition open to teams of marksmen in some fifty British Colonies, Protectorates and countries spread all over the world, the first, second and third prizes went to contiguous African States.

The Duke of Gloucester's Challenge Cup and the Viscount Wakefield Silver Medals are shot for over ranges of 300, 500 and 600 yards with .303 rifles.

The competition is conducted under the auspices of the National Rifle Association, who announce that this year's winner is Southern Rhodesia, with a score of 1,138, Nyasaland and Kenya being second and third, with scores of 1,128 and 1,125 respectively.

Schoolgirls' Tour of Britain

Twenty-five schoolgirls from Southern Rhodesia will make a six weeks' tour of Great Britain this summer.

They will visit London, Oxford, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Bath, Glastonbury, Cheddar, the Lake district and, after a journey through Wales and Chester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, York and the Midlands. If time and opportunity permit they will also go to Cambridge, Tunbridge Wells and Brighton.

Hospitality has already been offered in many cases and arrangements are now being made for the party to see the Aldershot Tattoo and the Royal Tournament.

Arrangements to follow this tour with others of a similar character

have been made with the Victoria League and a permanent committee has been established in London which will organise the details of this and subsequent tours of boys and girls promoted by the Rhodesian Teachers' Association.

Mrs. Lanigan O'Keeffe, wife of the High Commissioner in London, has now joined this Committee, which already has on it representatives of most of the Empire Societies, including the Royal Empire Society, the Royal African Society and the Overseas League.

Manufacturing a Rainbow

WORK on the giant model of the Victoria Falls, which is to be shown in the Southern Rhodesian Pavilion at the Empire Exhibition in Johannesburg this year, has commenced.

Even the famous rainbow is being manufactured for the occasion.

Real trees from the Main Forest at the Falls in the Colony are also being transplanted.

Spectators will see a working reproduction, a sixty-sixth of the actual size, presenting a surface of water one hundred and sixty feet from end to end and complete with the "smoke that thunders"—which is the native name for spray.

It is perhaps significant that Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland are pooling their efforts and exhibiting in the same Pavilion.

Ceylon Love Plant for London

CHEMISTS in London are shortly to examine bulbs of Ceylon's "Love Plant"—a small species of yam known as a Naga Maru Ale.

Witch doctors of Ceylon used the plant, and probably still do, for brewing a magic potion reputed to make one person fall in love with another.

It has a delicate six-petalled flower like a lily, but purplish-blue in colour, and woven round the Naga Maru Ale is one of those picturesque stories handed down by generations of professional story tellers.

Centuries ago, the story is told, a prince was walking with a woman in the jungle when she asked him for some lime to savour a nut she was eating.

He drove his sword into the ground and handed her some on the tip of it.

On eating it she immediately fell violently in love with him. He looked to the ground and saw that his sword had passed through a small yam, the juice of which had stained the blade.

This juice, he was convinced, had worked this love magic.

The African's Passport

By Cleland Scott

Nanyuki, Kenya.

THERE are some who consider it a disgrace that the African in

Kenya should have to carry a *kipandi* or registration certificate.

These critics conveniently forget or ignore the fact that every European has to carry a passport when he goes travelling for business or pleasure, and that Scotland Yard runs a finger print department.

A *kipandi* is no more a hardship to a decent law-abiding native than is a passport to a straight Britisher.

The scheme was adopted because natives vary in character just like Europeans, and they are much harder to trace.

On seeking work the native shows his prospective employer his *kipandi* in which are various columns, for the employer's name, nature of employee's work, rate of wages paid on engagement and on discharge, if rations are provided, and finally one for the employer's signature on discharging him.

Every month the employer has to send in returns showing name and number of those he engaged, discharged, and any who deserted. Failure to do this resulted, quite rightly, in prosecution.

In Nairobi was an office housing the particulars of all registered natives and their finger prints.

Should a native steal and decide to desert, he could thereby be traced. Moreover, he could not obtain more work, for it was an offence to sign on a native who had not been signed off properly.

Forged Certificates

Those who forged their certificates were bound to be caught as soon as they took a new situation, provided everyone did as they were supposed in the way of furnishing returns.

Any decent native soon discovered that when his *kipandi* showed long terms of employment everyone was delighted to give him work, but those who never completed a month in one job were regarded with suspicion.

Should a native lose his *kipandi* or get it burnt he could obtain a new one quite simply on payment of three shillings, his original one being issued free.

The last year or so Government has deliberately cut down the staff, so that the scheme is now a farce.

No deserter is traced, and very soon every native who has the makings of a criminal will grasp that he has only to burn his old *kipandi* if he has done wrong, get a new one, and no more is heard.

When one knows that one may be engaging a native who has but recently been convicted of theft, impertinence, or even rape, the situation is serious. Presumably the Government cut down this department because they knew that the unofficial community would suffer most. One more piece of dirt dropped into the machinery of increased white settlement, or at best, another example of lack of tact.

Rhodesian Miners and Their Wages

THE twelve Cornish miners selected for Southern Rhodesia for work in the copper mines have been the subject of some criticism in the Colony, on the ground that they will affect the current rates of pay.

The English miners are being engaged at a rate of £25 a month, while the standard rate of pay in the Colony is twenty-five shillings a day.

But the criticisms are groundless. The Hon. W. S. Senior, Minister of Mines in Southern Rhodesia, has made this very clear.

"There is not the slightest desire or intention on my part to lower the rate of wages as far as miners are concerned," he said.

"The position is that we are sharing with the Imperial Government the cost of bringing out these twelve men. They are all competent miners, having been picked in Cornwall by the High Commissioner, Mr. Lanigan O'Keeffe, with the aid of a technical assistant with a thorough knowledge of mining in Rhodesia.

"The reason why they were told that £25 a month would be the wages they would receive was that they must have a little time to show that they can handle native labour and get used to the conditions in this country.

"They have been told that once they have done that they will be entitled to the ruling wage of twenty-five shillings a day. When they have shown that they are fully able to deal with their jobs under local conditions, they will be entitled to the full rate of wages."

Mr. Senior added that it was only fair to give the imported miners less to begin with; they could not be expected to hold their own at first with miners with long experience of conditions in Southern Rhodesia.

There was not the slightest intention on his part to lower the rate of wages.

What New Zealand's Capital Cost

LAND in any part of the Empire is of value these days, but when the capital of New Zealand, Wellington, was bought from the Ngatiawa tribe, this is what it cost:

100 red blankets	20 doz. handkerchiefs
100 muskets	2 doz. slates
2 trierces of tobacco	200 pencils
48 iron pots	10 doz. looking glasses
2 cases of soap	10 doz. pocket knives
15 fowling pieces	10 doz. prs. of scissors
21 kegs of gunpowder	1 doz. pairs of shoes
1 cask of ball cartridges	1 doz. umbrellas
1 key of lead slabs	1 doz. hats
100 cartouche boxes	2 lbs. beads
100 tomahawks	100 yds. ribbon
1 case of pipes	1 gross jew-harns
2 doz. spades	1 doz. razors
50 steel axes	10 doz. dressing combs
1,200 fish hooks	6 doz. hoes
12 bullet moulds	1 doz. shaving boxes and brushes
12 doz. shirts	20 muskets
20 jackets	2 doz. adzes
20 prs. of trousers	1 doz. sticks of sealing wax
60 red nightcaps	
300 yds. cotton duck	
200 yds. calico	
20 yds. check	

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

Transvaal Gold

By Professor A. P. Newton

FOR the last fifty years the world has been accustomed to look to South Africa, and especially the Transvaal, as the treasure house from which gold has poured in an unending stream, and it is hard to remember that down till 1886 almost all the prospectors who had sought from end to end of the sub-continent had suffered grievous disappointment and had hardly won enough of the precious metal to pay for their expenses.

This was unexpected, for for hundreds of years back to the time of the Arabs who preceded the first Portuguese explorers, supplies of gold dust had been obtained from Sofala upon the east coast.

Some people even maintained that in the interior we must look for the fabled Ophir from which King Solomon was said to derive his supplies of gold.

But the reality was disappointingly different.

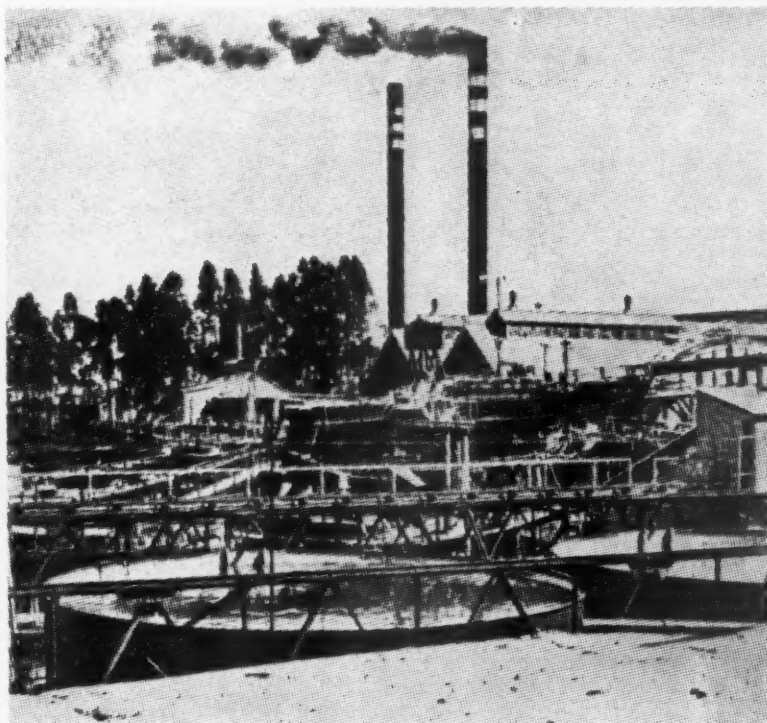
When great new gold discoveries were made in California in 1849 and in Australia in 1853 a new search for similar alluvial gold-bearing gravels in South Africa began.

Prospectors who had not achieved the success in the Californian or Australian diggings that they had hoped for, sought for new prospects in South Africa, but with little success.

Neither alluvial deposits nor gold-bearing quartz could be found in workable or paying quantities.

The Transvaal was then under the Government of the South African Republic, which for all its high-sounding name was but an inefficient instrument for organising the affairs of a few score thousand farmers scattered over an enormous wilderness.

There were no towns and no communications save primitive native



The Robinson gold mine, on the Witwatersrand. The cyanide process was first extensively developed in South Africa—dissolving the gold in potassium cyanide solution, and then precipitating the metal.

tracks, and the whole country was solely dependent upon the produce of its cattle and the hunting of the wild game that still abounded.

The Government discouraged gold prospecting, but by 1872 a small field was at last found at Lydenburg in a remote part of the Transvaal and more than 1,000 diggers were gathered there from many parts of the world who were quite unlike the cattle-herding, hunting Boers.

Ten years later new fields were found in the De Kaap valley and near Barberton, and for the first time the Transvaal began to appear upon the list of the world's gold producers.

Already the amounts produced from diggers' licences was five times as great as all the rest of the Republic's revenue, and it was able to pay its way and begin some necessary road-building.

The news of the discovery of a really rich mine, the Sheba mine, near Barberton began to attract gold-miners from many distant lands, but it was soon entirely eclipsed by the results of the patient geological research of two brothers, F. and H. W. Struben.

In 1884 they found on a high ridge at the centre of the Transvaal what they believed to be a new form of gold ore in which the metal was in combination and not in free particles as it is usually found.

In the next two years they traced the reef of this gold ore for several miles and believed that they had found the precious metal in such quantities as the world had never known before.

By 1886 the Strubens had succeeded in convincing some of the capitalists

from the Kimberley diamond mines that their discovery was soundly based, and when samples were smelted at Kimberley in July of that year, J. B. Robinson found them so rich that he hastened to the Transvaal to buy up the farms on which they had been found.

Others followed him, including Cecil Rhodes, and before long the whole reef of the Witwatersrand was dotted with claims from end to end.

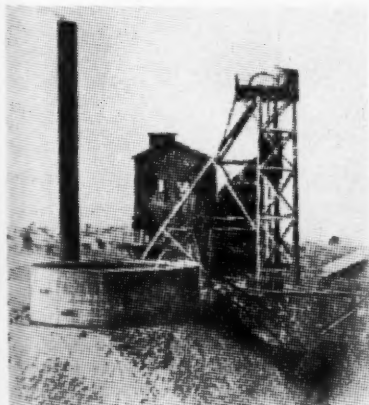
The news of the vast fortunes that were being made by speculation in these claims attracted adventurers from every part of the world, but, more important, skilled engineers and chemists and technical miners from Cornwall had to come in to get at the gold which was a far more difficult task than in the old alluvial diggings.

Elaborate and costly machinery was needed for the industry, and so it became an affair of great companies who could command large amounts of capital.

Thus a populous and wealthy industrial city sprang up at Johannesburg where there had before been nothing but desolate veld; South African gold-mining shares were speculated in on every Stock Exchange and "Transvaal gold" became the talk of the world.

The effects of the discovery on South Africa were remarkable, but they were paralleled by its effects on the world as a whole.

Much of the development that marked the last years of the nineteenth century is directly attributable to the effects of vast new supplies of gold on world price levels.



A pioneer mine equipment on the Witwatersrand 1887, showing headgear, battery house and cyanide vat.

Markets and the Rhine

By Our City Editor

NEWs of Herr Hitler's Rhineland coup produced a somewhat irregular effect upon markets in the City, the reason being that whereas some operators have apparently been burying their heads, ostrich-like, in "bullish" news of progress at home, others have cast a wary eye all the time upon the international situation and do not consider that Germany's latest move alters in any way the fundamentals of that situation. With this latter view it is difficult to disagree and that Germany should act, while others talk, is merely following the tendency of events for some time past; open opposition to Locarno and Versailles may even in the long run prove to be a bull point. Actually, the whole upward movement of security prices in this country has been based upon home development and had the possibilities of the international situation not been largely ignored, much of that development would not have taken place. The opinion has already been expressed here that international economic recovery must be based upon British recovery. If the nations of the world can be set busily at work, war-talk will recede gradually into the background and Britain and the Empire will reap the reward of hard work and sound finance. Economic troubles are no more easy to solve than political ones but their solution may well prove of a more lasting nature.

Remarkable Prudential Figures

The annual report for 1935 of the directors of the Prudential Assurance Company shows further all-round progress and as net assets have increased on the year by £11,778,913, the total is now up to £302,303,253 thus passing the £300,000,000 mark for the first time. Last year annual income also also established a new record, the total being £52,998,753 which averages over £1,000,000 per week. Net new sums assured exceeded £28,700,000 in the ordinary branch and £56,500,000 in the industrial branch and total sums assured in the two branches amount to £779,600,000 or about one-tenth of the whole of the National Debt! Life claims paid during the year totalled £27,400,000, of which £11,000,000 was in the industrial branch so that it will be seen what a vast number of persons are benefiting from the weekly payments policies. In the ordinary branch, maturities of endowment assurances reached the new high record total of over £12,500,000. In the industrial branch the expense ratio is commendably low, the new record of only 23 per cent. of premium receipts enabling

the policyholders to derive full benefit. The total surplus in both life branches is £9,722,355, of which £6,480,650 is allocated to bonuses which are at the rate of £2 6s. per cent. on whole life policies in the ordinary branch and £2 per cent on endowment assurances. In the Industrial branch the bonus rate is £1 12s. per cent. against £1 10s. per cent. a year previously. The directors of the Prudential are to be congratulated on handling such enormous sums with such outstanding success.

Metropolitan Electric Supply

The Metropolitan Electric Supply Company increased its revenue from sales of current last year by nearly £107,000, the total being £1,220,267 and other income being also substantially higher the net profit for the year amounted to £398,966, after provision for tax, as against £334,921 in the previous year. The dividend on the ordinary shares is 10 per cent. once again and as earnings amounted to 16½ per cent. on the ordinary capital this rate is amply justified. Appropriations to depreciation and reserve total £106,365. The company has now acquired practically the whole of the ordinary shares of the Notting Hill Electric Lighting Co. The Metropolitan Electric Supply Co. is one of the London Power group taking its supply from the London Power Co. in bulk and re-distributing over a large area, and it is now benefiting from its years of low-tariff policy.

Halifax Building Society

The Halifax Building Society, the largest institution of its kind in the world, experienced a further year of progress up to January 31 last and established several new records in the Society's history. The remarkable demand for mortgage advances resulted in the Society making no less than 35,166 new advances for a total of £21,712,318, or over £400,000 a week, and total amounts outstanding on mortgage at £85,942,328 are £7,843,000 higher on the year. A feature of the "Halifax" is the assistance given to small house purchasers and 78 per cent. of the Society's advances are in respect of mortgages not exceeding £500, the average amount owing on mortgage being only £400. Total assets have increased by £5,290,000 to £108,087,466 of which £21,363,698 represents liquid assets in the form of trustee securities and cash.

National Building Society

The National Building Society announce that Mr. R. Bruce Wycherley (General Manager and Secretary) has been elected to a seat on the Board vice Mr. Henry Johnstone, deceased. Mr. Wycherley will continue in the office of General Manager and Secretary which he now holds.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

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Total Income exceeds £10,476,000

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EXTRACTS FROM THE EIGHTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER · 1935

ORDINARY BRANCH

New Sums Assured	-	-	-	-	£28,744,687
Total Sums Assured and Bonus	-	-	-	-	£242,503,507
Premiums Received	-	-	-	-	£13,092,672
Policyholders' Share of Profits	-	-	-	-	£2,509,838

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH

New Sums Assured	-	-	-	-	£56,515,495
Total Sums Assured and Bonus	-	-	-	-	£546,727,432
Premiums Received	-	-	-	-	£20,690,825
Policyholders' Share of Profits	-	-	-	-	£3,970,812

GENERAL BRANCH

Premiums Received : Fire Insurance	-	£923,597
Motor Insurance	-	£609,271
Sickness & Accident, Employers' Liability, Marine, Sinking Fund and Miscellaneous	-	£1,471,691

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS IN 1934 EXCEEDED	TOTAL ASSETS EXCEED	TOTAL CLAIMS PAID EXCEED
£29,000,000	£302,000,000	£490,000,000

COPIES OF CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH AND DIRECTOR'S REPORT SENT ON APPLICATION

CINEMA**The Milky Way**

BY MARK FORREST

SOME people may imagine that *The Milky Way* is that great cluster of stars which elbow each other across the face of the sky; such people make no allowances for progress! In fact, it is the title of Harold Lloyd's new picture at the Carlton, and derives from his simple beginning as a humble milkman.

Harold Lloyd is one of the very few comedians whose popularity did not suffer from the introduction of talking pictures, though I do not think that he is so funny as he was in the silent days. One reason for his continued appeal may be that he is content to allow some of the other characters a fair share of the camera so that his films have a balance about them. In *The Milky Way* both Adolphe Menjou and Veree Teesdale have plenty of material.

In one respect in this new picture, however, he has entirely forsaken his old methods of raising laughter. By that I do not mean that he has thrown away his horn-rimmed spectacles nor abandoned his earnest desires, thwarted as usual almost at birth, to reach the top of the particular tree which he has set himself to climb; but the hair-raising feats which he used to perform on the least provocation have been consigned to oblivion, and he walks no more on the window ledge of the highest skyscraper. Instead he has made a farce without any trick photography and, as farces go, it travels well enough.

The Champion

The story is that of a simple milkman who is very fond of his horse which falls ill in the street. The milkman has no money to pay the veterinary. Luckily about this time the middleweight champion insults his sister and, in the fracas, the milkman gets the credit for knocking out the champion. The champion's manager, to restore his man's prestige, prepares to build up the milkman in the ring and stage a return fight which the champion is to win handsomely. To save his horse the milkman consents and, after that, if the joy is not unconfined, it is at any rate partially so.

Adolphe Menjou has a new sort of part for him as the distracted manager, and both he and Veree Teesdale, who plays the hardbitten woman of the boxing world, give Harold Lloyd a good deal of support.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St., Ger. 2981

The brilliant French interpretation of Dostoevsky's

"CRIME ET CHATIMENT" (A)

with HARRY BAUR and PIERRE BLANCHAR

BROADCASTING**The Curse of Crooners**

BY ALAN HOWLAND

DURING the last ten days or so I have been going somewhat carefully into the vexed question of crooning. I have listened to, I think, every one of these freaks of nature and have even seen one in action. The effort has left me a trifle exhausted, but happy to have performed a duty which I trust I shall never have to perform again.

I have heard quite unbelievable things. Emaculated tenors with accents of extremely dubious origin have mutilated every vowel in the English language, quasi-American falsetti have informed me with the unmistakable intonation of the Ghetto that the music is going ree-ound and a-reeound, in fact every conceivable outrage has been committed on our mother tongue.

One of the gentlemen whom I had the privilege of observing threw back his head and neighed into the microphone. At the same time he smiled. Ye Gods, how he smiled! Apparently his trouble was that he wouldn't dance, "mercy bowcoo" and had at the same time an urgent desire to be taken back to his boots and saddle.

Vocal Deformities

I do not blame these unfortunate young men for extracting a livelihood out of their vocal deformities but I should very much like to know why the B.B.C. condones this desecration of the ether. Are we to presume that the officials at Broadcasting House do not know that this disgusting exhibition goes on every day, or are we to imagine that our broadcasting pundits think it is all very right and proper? With great deference I suggest that the B.B.C. is perfectly cognisant of the state of affairs and does nothing whatever to stop it. So long as it pays dance bands considerably less than a reasonable broadcasting fee it can have no real control over the matter broadcast. Crooners will continue to wheeze noxious inanities at us as long as it pays them to do so. And there is no doubt it does pay them.

There was a time when the phrase "dance music" implied something to which one could dance, and indeed wanted to dance. With the arrival of broadcasting as sent to us by the B.B.C. "dance music" means nothing more than highly organised cacophony with interpolated jungle noises. Song writers no longer matter; anybody is a lyric writer who can rhyme "yee-oo" with "tree-oo" and dancing itself has become a furtive shuffle. The B.B.C., if it wished, could bring us back to sanity, but it prefers to go with the tide. It created the first crooner and has been resting on its laurels ever since.